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*In a Changing*  
**BRAZIL**



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# *In a Changing* **BRAZIL**

by  
Elsie Noble Caldwell



**RICHARD R. SMITH**  
New York 1946

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SET UP BY BROWN BROTHERS LINOTYPERS  
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
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*IN REMEMBRANCE  
OF  
MY BROTHERS*

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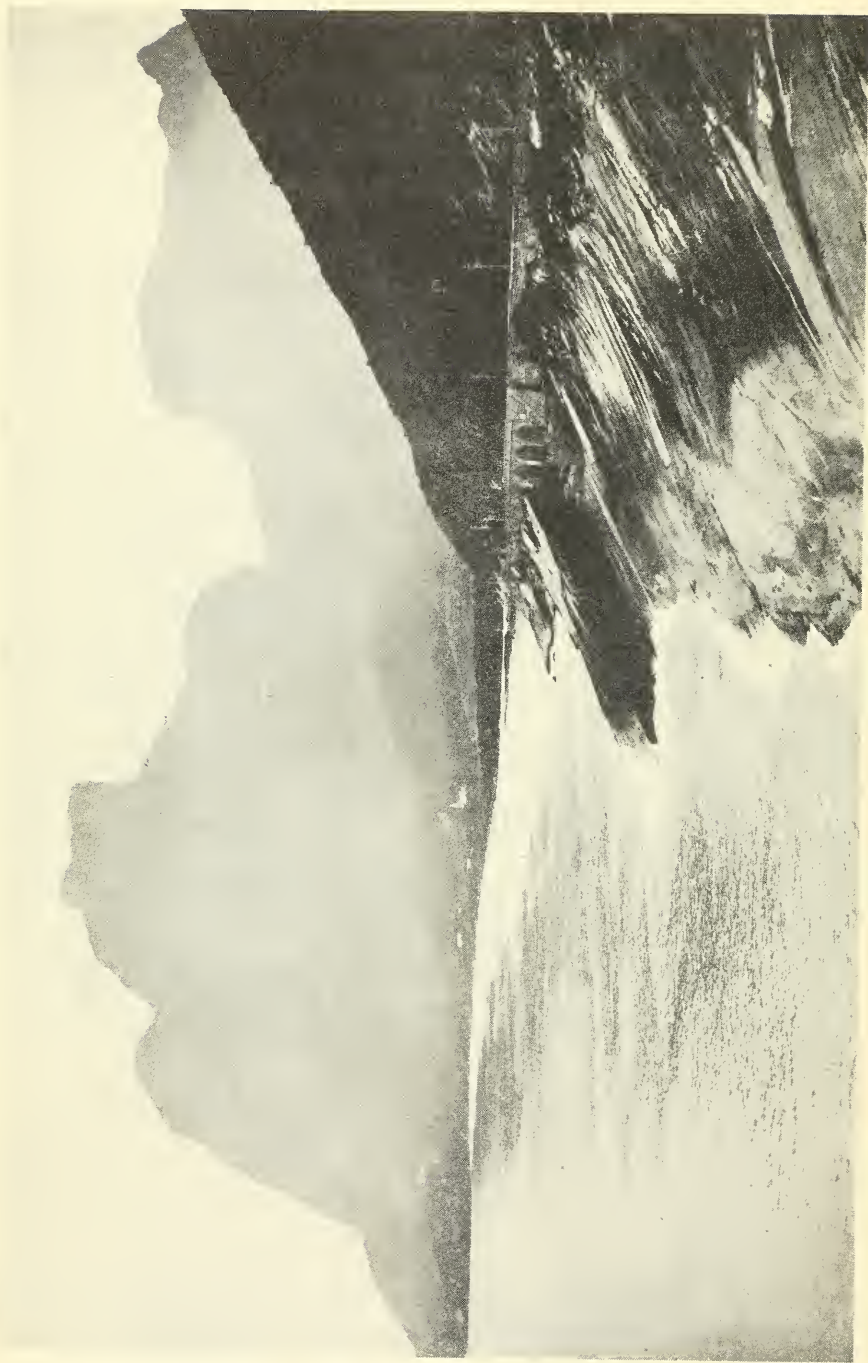
*In a Changing*  
**BRAZIL**







Not all the royal flavor of old Brazil has vanished, as this gateway shows



There are hieroglyphics—possibly Phoenician—on the sides of Gavea Mountain

## CHAPTER I

### *ANCESTRAL PORTUGUESE*

WE ARE ALL FAMILIAR, here in the United States, with the geography of Brazil: her ample borders, her mighty Amazon, her coffee fields, and her beautiful Federal capital. Many have enjoyed vicariously the thrills of being lost among the Indians of tropical jungle forests. But not so many of us know the real Brazilians—the Portuguese-Brazilians who have given the great southern republic the most striking individuality of any of our American nations. Nor do the Brazilians know us.

This mutual lack of knowledge and, it must be admitted, mutual apathy toward such knowledge, resulted from factors I try to make plain in this book. If the Brazilians, certain of the superiority of their achievements, found it unnecessary to investigate and comprehend ours and the motivations for them, no less were we indifferent to theirs, and for the same reason.

The objective thinker, however, realizes that such a situation is profitless—and I do not refer solely to financial profit. There were and are innumerable fields in which each country can learn from the other, to its mutual benefit.

For a long time, Brazil, although governed under a constitution adapted almost word for word from ours, maintained a culture rooted in European traditions and gloried quietly in it, while we in the United States established new cultural standards and exalted them. But since no man lives to himself alone, only the obtuse will disregard as unimportant the courtesy, the gracious daily life, and the deep family affection



so characteristic of Brazil's best—to mention only one aspect of Brazil's best. And since all mankind stands now at a perilous crossroad, with much of the past destroyed and much of the future uncertain, what continental neighbor will overlook as negligible the outstanding qualities of the other?

Never has there been a time in the history of the western hemisphere when two great nations have stood so much in need of each other as do Brazil and the United States today, we with our ability to develop, and Brazil with her almost unlimited resources awaiting development. This urgent need has welded the engineering talents of both republics in a determined drive against the hindrances of natural elements that have defied so many agricultural and industrial projects in the vast north country of Brazil.

We share now the gigantic, newly organized Rubber Reserve program, which will dwarf the already established Fordlandia enterprise which, at last, has attained profitable production after years of experiments and disappointments in getting the proper trees for transplanting. Not only was priceless petroleum discovered recently in Baía, but new deposits of iron, bauxite, chrome, pyrite, titanium, zircon, mica, quartz crystals, and a score of other minerals are being opened up in various states. And when our supply of Chinese tung oil was cut off, Brazil supplied her rare oiticica oil for the quick-drying paints necessary for sea- and air-craft. All these materials were pertinent contributions to the war effort.

But in order that we may truly know the Brazilians, we first must know their Portuguese forebears and the great sixteenth century Portugal from which they came. Portugal now is a little lace-capped mother sitting in a sunny corner of Europe. But when Brazil was born, she was a proud and haughty dowager, mistress of commercial Europe, sharp contender for dominance in Mediterranean sea trade, and a leader in world



discoveries and conquests. In 1502, Pope Alexander VI proclaimed the King of Portugal lord of the lands and seas and of the commerce of Africa, Persia, and India.

However, no lofty ideals urged Portugal to her conquests. They were prompted purely by her epicurean palate. The Portuguese are lavish eaters, and they had to have spices for cooking their meats. The warring Arabs had closed their Mediterranean route to the East, and they had to find a new one. So their conquests rode on their love of cloves and cinnamon, and their sea lanes around Africa were charted by nutmegs.

Fifty years before Columbus discovered the West Indies for Spain, Prince Henry of Portugal had established the world's first school of scientific navigation; then he got himself written into history as Henry the Navigator by putting his theories into practice and sailing cautiously down the west coast of Africa and far enough around the tip of the continent to know that there was an open route to the east. For this feat of navigation he was royally proclaimed, but Herodotus must have smiled down from eternity, for he records that the Phoenicians circumnavigated the continent of Africa six hundred years before Christ. (Nor, it seems, did Herodotus tell all, for scholars today declare that the markings on the bold perpendicular side of Mt. Gavea at Rio de Janeiro are Phoenician characters.)

Encouraged by Prince Henry, the wealthy Portuguese merchant-prince, João Pérez de Covilhã, visited Calicut, then the chief port of Madras. From this friendly call on the merchants of India dates the actual beginning of that great Portuguese-Indian empire which astonished the world of that day with its incredible wealth.

Twelve years later, however, the swaggering Vasco da Gama went to Calicut and scorned mere trading glory. Instead he set

up the regulation marble *padrão*, or monument, and formally took possession of the land. This, after having been received, though not too warmly, by the Hindu Zamorin and his Malayan court. It is a safe surmise that had there been fewer da Gamas and more Covilhás history would have had fewer bloody pages.

Da Gama, upon his return to Lisbon, sent Pedro Alvares Cabral to India with a fleet of thirteen ships. Portuguese histories differ from our textbooks regarding this expedition. We teach that Cabral was blown off his course and accidentally discovered the coast of Brazil. Portuguese history says that da Gama secretly ordered Cabral to sail west as he neared the Equator, to ascertain if the seaweed and land birds he himself had seen really indicated a continent not far off. The reason made public for these orders was that, by bearing west, Cabral could avoid the delaying calms of the African coast—a blind, of course, to deceive their Spanish rivals. So by bearing only seventeen degrees westward, Cabral came to the coast of Brazil and claimed it for the Portuguese crown.

The wealth and power of the Portuguese of this period is best evidenced by the long string of forts, like pendants on a chain, that they built to protect their new trade route to India. No other nation had the resources, the vision, and the daring for such an undertaking. Tens of thousands of laborers and artisans, millions of milreis, and hundreds of merchant ships were employed in this staggering program, the like of which never had been conceived. For the forts were not crude affairs thrown up for a temporary emergency. They were so substantial that a few are still in a perfect state of preservation, as I found recently when I followed the old Portuguese trade trails to the Orient. Even those in ruins show foundations worked into the rocks with expert masonry, and buttressed walls twenty and thirty feet thick.

More than once the Portuguese trading fleet put in to these forts to find that the Arabs had killed the entire garrison of soldiers, for the Portuguese, of course, were poaching on the rich trade of the sons of Abu-Bekr of Mecca.

And besides the legitimate Arab traders, there were the powerful pirate bands to consider. When Portuguese ships sailed from Malacca, or Saigon, or Calicut, with cargoes of silks, jades, and porcelains, they had to dodge from port to port to evade these parasites of the sea. And the *écumeurs de mer* had among their ranks quite as many Orientals as Occidentals. Arabs and Malayans practiced piracy as a gentleman's calling, and made slaves of their captives.

So it is clear that Portugal of the sixteenth century was an energetic, bold, imperial nation; and it was from the Portugal of this period that Brazil received its first settlers, ancestors of those who are still most dominant in the new-world republic, although at that time, the little-known empire of the west was of only incidental importance to the development of trade with the well-known empires of the east.

However, every fresh conquest won by Portugal sharpened the always smouldering rivalry between it and Spain. There were too many in-laws among the Bourbons and Braganzas. At last the Pope endeavored to remedy matters by turning the faces of the two countries to the westward. Using his papal prerogative, he tried to divide South America between them.

But the ingrained court jealousies and political bickerings continued—curiously enough, as it turned out, to the great advantage of Brazil. For it was to escape these constant unpleasantnesses in governmental affairs that many brilliant Portuguese noblemen, and men distinguished in law and letters, went to Brazil. They wanted the more serene air of the new world. And many of the families most prominent today in

Rio, Santos, and São Paulo proudly trace their lineage to this aristocratic migration.

And finally it is not amiss to conjecture that, to the best of the European culture that the Brazilian colonists represented and brought with them, were added some precious elements of that remarkable civilization which had followed the conquering Arabs across northern Africa—those sires of culture who built the matchless Alhambra, and made Granada the envy of the world.

## CHAPTER II

### EMPIRE DAYS

WHEN, LATE IN 1807, the Napoleonic threat to the throne of Portugal sent the entire royal family to Brazil, the people of the colonial empire were thrilled. This was the first visit of royalty to the Western Hemisphere. Alas, before the sun went down on the day the Braganzas arrived they were sadly disillusioned. With a few exceptions, Portuguese royalty did not bring much to Brazil beyond the prestige that always goes with the crown and scepter.

It was at the history-hallowed Praça 15th of November that João, Prince Regent of Portugal, and his malicious consort, Carlota Joaquina, landed. Amid cheering, adoring, reverently kneeling people, the royal couple climbed the flower-strewn steps of the gray seawall, to be received by colonial dignitaries. Then there was a hushed silence, as the Queen of Portugal, Maria I, was led up the steps by attendants. She was insane. But as she was led past the classic fountain, and stood for a moment under the trees bordering the square, the warm sunshine and the sweetly smiling faces of the populace brought a light to her vacant eyes.

There came almost three thousand attendants and court parasites, as three sailing vessels disgorged their passengers. The royal family, with seven children, and nurses, maids and secretaries, were to be quartered in the viceregal palace, just across the *praça* from where they had landed. It was a big, roomy structure that had been built as a monastery.



It suited Dom João and the children splendidly. After the long weeks on shipboard, they were pleased with whatever blessings their new world offered. Not so the ungracious Carlota. Neither the building nor the location suited her. She wanted a palace set in a great park away from the rabble. Senhor Elias Lopes, a wealthy *fazendeiro*, chivalrously offered his recently completed residence at São Christovão, then a suburb of Rio. So the royal virago was driven to the palatial new residence, and Quinta da Boa Vista became henceforth the Royal Palace. One wonders how often the donor, who never was paid for it except by a decoration, regretted his gift to a recipient so callously ungrateful.

Yet she was the wife of their Prince Regent, and she was the daughter of King Charles IV of Spain, so they tried to tolerate her rude behavior for the sake of their regard for the kindly, though stolid, João. But when she had the wife of one of her lovers murdered because she was jealous of the woman's beauty and attractiveness—attributes which she did not possess—the Brazilian people ceased to pay her any homage. They were pleased when João had her locked up in a convent for having instigated this crime.

(Dom João's insane mother had been placed in a Carmelite convent; she was tenderly cared for during the eight years she lived. When she died in 1816, the Prince Regent became King João VI of Portugal, but he continued to live in Brazil until 1821.)

For their eldest son's wedding, Dom João was forced for appearance's sake to release his tempestuous Carlota. Young Pedro, now nineteen, was to marry Leopoldina, Archduchess of Austria, sister of Marie Louise (second wife of Napoleon), and niece of Marie Antoinette. It was an excellent alliance for the Braganzas. But poor Leopoldina was as plain and homely as Pedro was handsome and dashing. So tragedy had a new

start, and continued to darken the walls of the big sunny residence on the hill of Boa Vista.

Dom Pedro always had been a *roué*; he inherited these traits from his mother. But he did have also some of the kindly graces of his father. When, in 1821, Dom João took Carlota and returned to Portugal—now that Napoleon no longer threatened the country—the Brazilians hoped that Dom Pedro, as Regent, would settle down under the refining influence of Leopoldina and be a creditable successor to his father.

During the thirteen years from 1808 to 1821 that Dom João had been in Brazil, he had built up the trade of the country, and had even annexed Uruguay, making it the Province of Cisplatina. Also, be it said to his credit, he thwarted Carlota's mad desire to make herself queen of Argentina, as a representative of the Spanish royal house.

But Dom Pedro, mentally and morally ill-equipped for his position as Regent, was chiefly taken up with amorous affairs with any woman who would receive his attentions. In his first years of married life, he did have the grace to keep these illicit relations a secret from Leopoldina, who rapturously adored her handsome husband.

Perhaps João VI sensed laxities in his son's reign in Brazil, for he scarcely had reached Lisbon before he began curtailing the privileges of self-government he had granted the colonial empire before leaving. The Brazilians resented these rescissory edicts, even though they recognized the weakness of the Regent. Portugal herself was dwindling so rapidly as a world power that Brazil was growing a bit sensitive about taking orders from her. The more so since she had suffered during Dom João's reign, the arrogance of the courtiers he had brought out with him—courtiers who, at the time, were eager enough to save their empty heads from Napoleon's axe of state.

At any rate, when the edict came that stripped Brazil of her

last privilege of self-government, the Brazilians rebelled. Dom Pedro, the gay Regent, was on a tour of the various states. In his vanity, he reckoned that all he need do toward welding together the rival states was to show himself. A messenger overtook him with news of the latest edict and found him on the pleasant banks of the Ypiranga River, not far from the city of São Paulo.

The vain young Regent did not hurry back to Brazil's capital for ceremonies traditional to a change of government, but there, standing under the generous shade of a tree, amid his small company of courtiers, he renounced his father's reign in Brazil. Dramatically, he proclaimed Brazil's independence as a kingdom, and proclaimed himself Emperor of Brazil, assuming the title of Dom Pedro I.

However, this new role brought out no kingly traits in his shallow character. Apparently it only gave him greater license for his amorous depravities. Long before Empress Leopoldina suspected his perfidy, he had become enamored of the lustful charms of a São Paulo woman of questionable character but of respected family. When he became king, he brought this woman to Rio de Janeiro and installed her in a beautiful home which practically adjoined the palace gardens at Quinta da Boa Vista.

Leopoldina's awakening was the same blighting experience that any woman, high or low, suffers when she suddenly discovers the faithlessness of her husband. She was not physically attractive, and on the poorly educated and shallow-brained Pedro, her own rare intellectuality was completely lost.

She intensified her religious devotions and found what comfort she could in her children. She never had been a stylish dresser. Now she grew more careless. Her religious principles forbade cosmetics. She had no weapons against the wiles of the paramour, whose arts of voluptuousness were her only graces.



From their first acquaintance with Leopoldina, the Brazilians had profoundly respected her, as they respected the royal house of Hapsburg; now they profoundly pitied her. But only her ladies-in-waiting and the servants about the palace could get close enough to her to share her grief.

Dom Pedro, with bold effrontery, asked that his bastard daughter be brought into the royal nursery. Leopoldina consented, holding the child innocent. Dom Pedro's boldness increased. He asked Leopoldina to receive his paramour. The Empress refused. So Dom Pedro gave his ambitious siren the title of *Marqueza de Santos* and Empress Leopoldina was obliged to receive her at court. Rio was shocked. Court circles were mortified.

Repercussions of Pedro's scandalous behavior were felt throughout the country. Although *fazendeiros* would chuckle over their *mate* at the latest news brought out from the capital, and men sipping coffee at sidewalk tables would exchange new bits of gossip about the Emperor and his latest inamorata, statesmen knew that the states of the Empire gradually were breaking away from what purported to be unified control at Rio de Janeiro. Uruguay already had sensed the royal weakness and regained her independence.

Then the arrogant Dom Pedro went one step too far. He brought his voluptuous *Marqueza* to the royal palace—to Empress Leopoldina's private apartment. The tortured woman's patience broke at this outrageous affront. She rose in her Hapsburg pride and called the sinful creature a "*miserable Paulista canalha!*"

Although she was nearing the half period of pregnancy, this did not save her from a blow from Dom Pedro, which knocked her to the floor. There she was kicked in the abdomen by both the Emperor and his paramour. Rio was stunned. There was no chuckling over *mate bombicias* when this news drifted

through the country. Men at the sidewalk tables whispered the news in shame. Dom Pedro found it convenient to leave for the south in a belated effort to quiet the revolution in Uruguay. The Marqueza de Santos went on a holiday to her father's home in São Paulo, only to return immediately.

The finest physicians in Brazil could not save their revered Empress from a miscarriage; nor could they save her from puerperal fever, which followed. She died in physical, mental and spiritual agony, her last thoughts for the fate of her four children, especially the little blonde boy scarcely past his first birthday.

It was this blonde young son of Leopoldina who grew up to become Dom Pedro II, and who married the Italian Princess Thereza Christina Maria, daughter of the virago Carlota's sister who had married Francis I of the Sicilies. Carlota, by the way, had rounded out her career by murdering the patient Dom João VI. But it was Empress Thereza Maria to whom my particular and very dear friend in Rio was one of the ladies-in-waiting.

All Brazil told Dom Pedro that his paramour must go, told him in no uncertain terms. He complained when the woman he had elevated to a Marqueza was a bit ugly about being thrown into the discard, saying she disappointed him. He found he was not dealing with another Leopoldina. He also found, when an emissary was sent to Europe to find him a second wife, that his matrimonial stock was too low to attract any of the eligible princesses. This surprised him, too.

But during the search for a willing princess, Dom Pedro continued his illicit relations with various pseudo-society women of Rio, and added half a dozen more bastards to his long list, though he whined that he was not sure all of them were his.

Fortunately, Leopoldina's grief-stricken children were well cared for by their beloved "Dadama," who had for their sakes foregone her hope to return to Portugal for her declining years. It was into this royal household that seventeen-year-old Princess Amelia of Leuchtenberg stepped as Dom Pedro's second wife. She was beautiful. In spite of his licentious excesses, it is said that Dom Pedro fell in love with her at first sight. He was handsome still.

It is also said that when he suggested that she mother his two daughters by the Marquiza de Santos, she flatly refused and he never brought up the subject again.

However, even with Dom Pedro's apparent reform so far as his domestic relations were concerned, there was a lamentable increase in political controversies, revolts, and state ruptures. In fact, ten tumultuous years were all the Brazilians could stand of Dom Pedro I. In 1831 they sent him back to Portugal. He whined that he would have no royal palace there because his brother Miguel was on the throne as Regent for his (Pedro's) daughter, Maria da Gloria. But he went, and the brothers fought it out. Miguel lost, and the little Maria, then only twelve, became Maria II of Portugal.

Dom Pedro's departure set off a flood of fresh political jealousies. Such chaos ensued that men of sane judgment feared the disruption of the entire empire. Each state wanted its independence. No leader could be found who was sufficiently popular to hold them together. Communication was so slow and the distances so great that legislative measures might be repudiated before word of them reached the far outposts. Brazilians today speak of those years as the gravest in all the long history of their country.

Nine years of contentiousness brought the leaders to the point of desperation. In order to forestall complete national

collapse, a decree was passed in 1840 proclaiming the majority of Dom Pedro II. The boy was then fifteen years old; his regency was to have continued until he reached eighteen.

Pedrinho (Little Pedro) had been carefully educated for his position. He was studious and quiet like his mother. And "Dadama" had firmly planted in his growing mind the virtues of Leopoldina, telling him over and over of the patient suffering she had endured at the hands of his father, and the tragic circumstances that had led to her death. From his earliest memories of his mother, these things were kept fresh in his mind. The fact that plainness had brought upon her all this unhappiness was borne in upon him, and that her saintliness had been wholly lost upon the man to whom fate had linked her.

The tall, serious young man gained immediate popularity. He ruled with a Council of Ministers, and this was really a college course in government. For the first few years, there was the usual abuse of youthful confidence. The young man accepted his mistakes as hard-earned lessons, and politicians soon found him growing wary. They also found him as royal in his deportment toward the state as was the blood that flowed in his veins.

In the matter of his marriage, they sought to find the most eligible princess of all Europe. Again this was not an easy task, for South America had brought upon herself a reputation for revolts and political entanglements that endangered the Brazilian throne. Then, of course, there was the stigma of Dom Pedro's treatment of Empress Leopoldina, and this the royal courts of Europe could not forget nor forgive, in spite of his apparent reformation after his marriage to the young and beautiful Princess Amelia.

When at last a marriage was arranged, between the young Emperor and Princess Thereza Maria, a photograph was sent

for his approval. He was charmed with the Sicilian girl. King Francis I was pleased, too, for he had almost despaired of finding a suitable prince for his homely daughter. The marriage was performed by proxy, and the groom waited at Rio's Praça 15th of November sea-wall to receive his bride. He was so shocked by her plain and utterly unattractive appearance that it was all he could do to greet her pleasantly.

He hurried as soon as possible to his beloved "Dadama."

"They deceived me with the photograph," he cried, "and I cannot marry this girl!"

The quiet Dona Marianna de Magalhaes Coutinho had long wished to return to Portugal, yet she could not leave the children of Leopoldina. Now she knew why fate had kept her in Brazil. Like a mother solacing the hurt of a child, she put her frail arms about the shoulders of the tall young man kneeling before her and whispered into his ears the oft-repeated story of his mother's sufferings because of her plain appearance.

"Pedrinho, my boy, do you want another woman to suffer as your mother suffered?" she asked when she knew what his reply would be.

So Empress Thereza Maria never knew that she was not beautiful in the eyes of Dom Pedro II. And because she did not know he thought her plain, she grew to reveal the beauty and sweetness of her heart, until at middle age she was really beautiful. She dressed well, kept herself well groomed, shone brilliantly as a hostess, and was the intellectual companion of a husband who adored her through a long and serene married life. Dom Pedro was eighteen at the time of his marriage, Thereza Maria was twenty-two. This was in 1843.

It required ten exacting years for the young Emperor to bring together the warring provinces, the most recalcitrant being the southern state of Rio Grande do Sul. She had caught



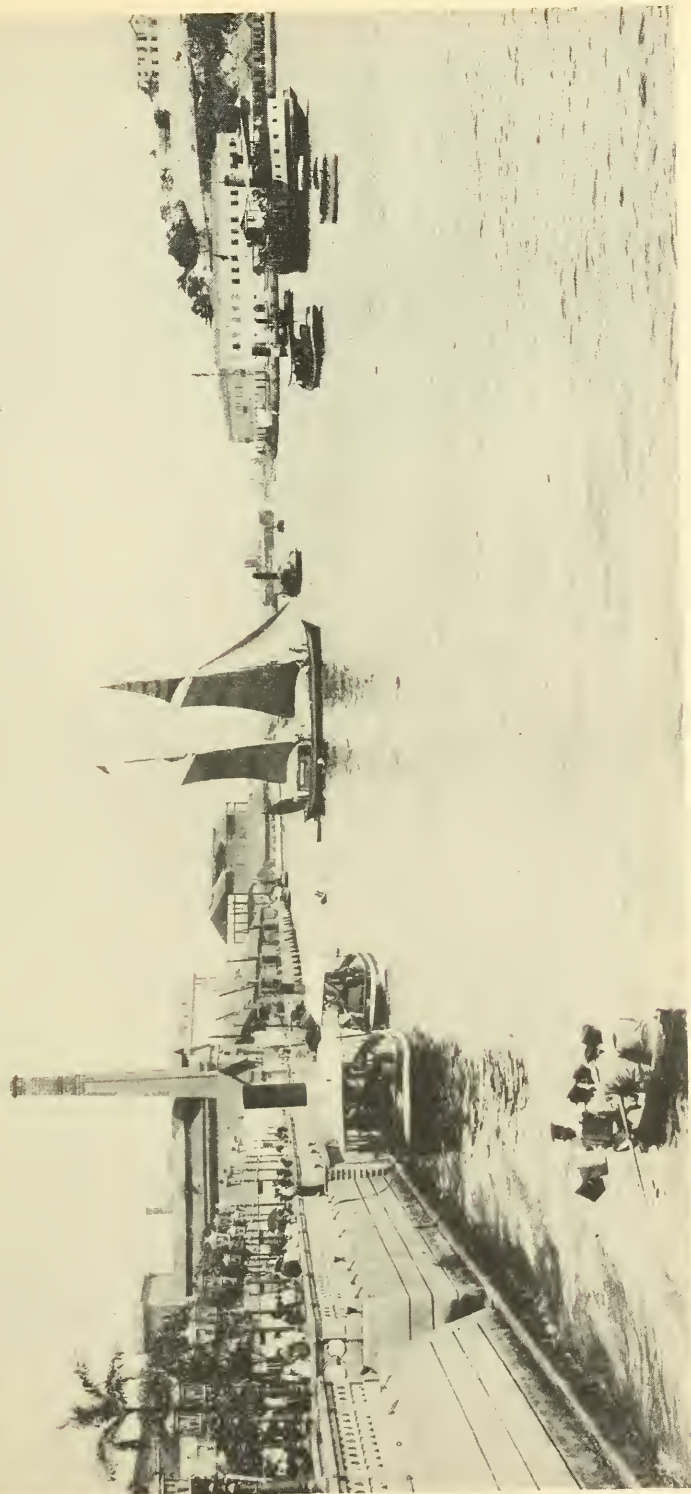
the rebellious spirit of Uruguay, who had won back her independence.

In 1844 Brazil put her first tax on imports from Europe. This was really throwing down the gauntlet to England. For a hundred years British commercial firms had been skimming the cream off Brazilian trade. Her reason was that she was providing the major part of shipping facilities, and therefore was entitled to favorable discrimination. This measure revealed how deplorably Portugal's shipping had dwindled, when in the previous century she had led the nations of the earth in sea trade.

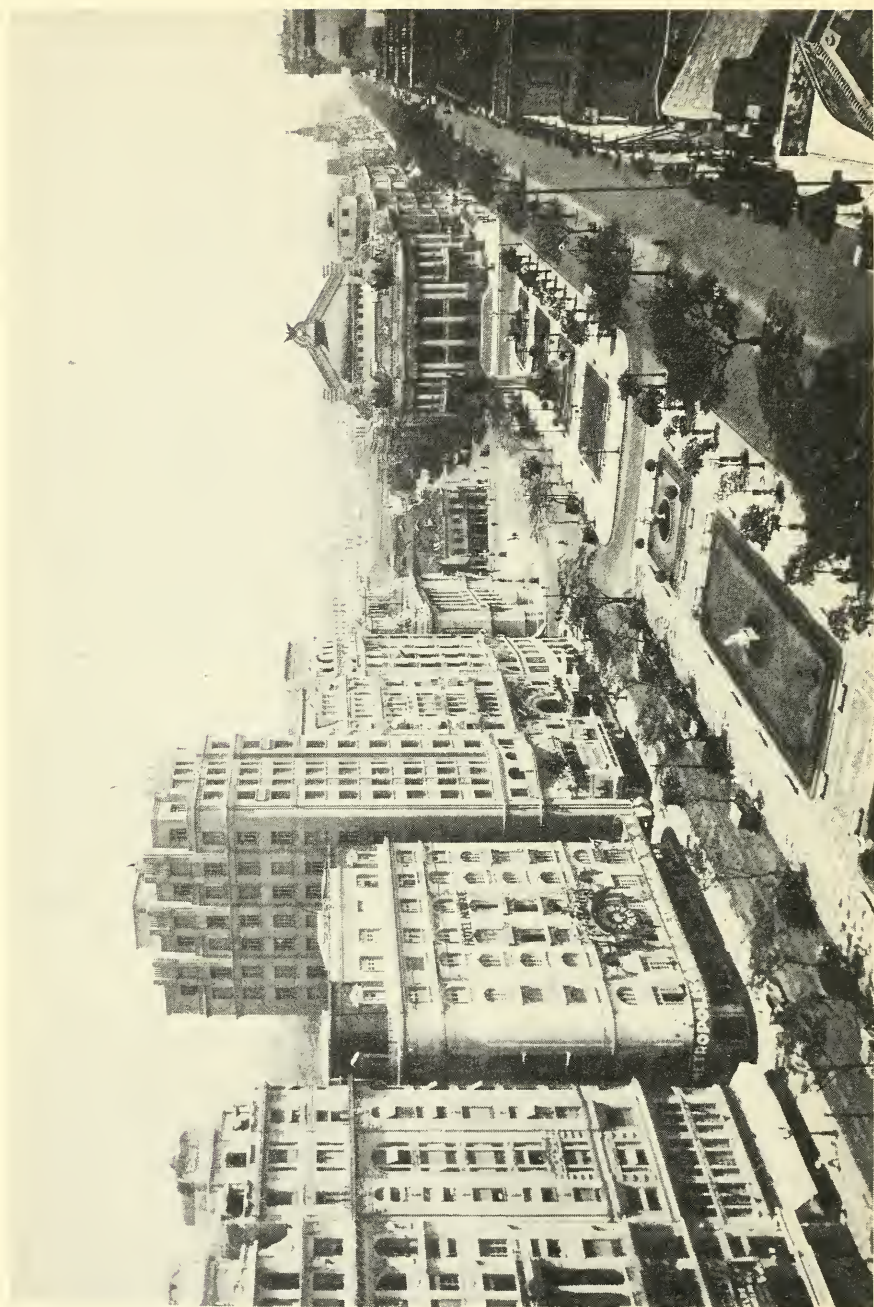
But with domestic support assured, Irineu Evangelista de Souza, a wealthy merchant of Rio, installed a foundry at Ponta da Areia, across the Bay on the Nictheroy Peninsula; and within the next ten years, he was operating a flourishing shipyard. Senhor de Souza built the first railway in Brazil. It extended from Rio to the foot of Petropolis Mountain and was opened with a great celebration on April 30, 1854. With Brazilian sugar and cotton being hauled in oxcarts, or packed on mulebacks for hundreds of miles over the mountains to coast or river ports, de Souza saw the great advantages of adequate transportation; so with aid of British capital, he built a railway to Minas Geraes; then from Baía to Alagoinhas; from Recife to Una; and from Santos to Jundiaí.

Contemporary with all these domestic developments under the benign reign of Pedro II, we in the United States were preparing to observe the centennial anniversary of our national independence by a great international celebration in Philadelphia. Dom Pedro was eager to see the United States. He was familiar with all our economic developments, our literature, our music, and was adding English to the five languages he already spoke.

Our State Department sent him a formal invitation, and the



The quay where passengers used to land



Rio's Municipal Theatre, on Praça Floriano



*New York Herald* sent a representative to Rio to accompany the Emperor and Empress and their royal suite northward. Their Majesties' association with the *Herald* man, James O'Kelly, and with other United States passengers dismayed them, because they found from them that we spoke an English different from the British English. So Dom Pedro adopted Mr. O'Kelly as a tutor, and during the three-weeks voyage learned enough American slang to endear him infinitely more to the American public than would have his royalty.

Both Dom Pedro and Thereza Maria dodged all state attentions, although they did officiate with President Grant in the opening of the Philadelphia Exposition. This formality finished, the Emperor left his wife, who was a sufferer from arthritis, and with a few hardy companions toured most of the United States, seeking ideas of development that would be useful in Brazil—and, altogether, having a rollicking good time.

This was the original good-neighbor gesture between our two republics. The Brazilians discovered us on this trip of their Emperor, for he went home with glowing reports of our trans-continental railways, our river navigation systems, our Great Lakes traffic, and, most important of all, our various municipal water systems. He was particularly delighted with a new contraption that caught his eye at the Exposition. It was displayed and demonstrated by a "young Mr. Bell," whom he had met at a school for the deaf in Boston. The young man called it a telephone.

Dom Pedro left an order for a telephone system for the Royal Palace to be shipped to him as soon as the mysterious invention was perfected. The palace was never dull after the telephone was installed. Like a boy with a toy, the elderly Emperor called everyone and anyone, day and night.

It was a happy household at Quinta da Boa Vista. Aside from

the sorrow of the deaths of their two sons, life had been sweet. Princess Isabel had married Count d'Eu; Guanabara Palace had been built for her, and during her father's absences she had acted as Regent. With his best years given to the welfare of his country, Dom Pedro looked forward to a diminishing of his state responsibilities, and a leisurely old age spent with the Empress, who had grown to be a handsome elderly woman. Her ladies-in-waiting said that never once was she known to have uttered a sharp word or committed an ungracious act. Men say the same of Dom Pedro, except for the firm decisions he was forced to make when he deemed the best interests of Brazil were in jeopardy.

Alas, in a few brief hours their world changed! Perhaps it was because of his three trips away, one lasting a year, the others lasting six months. But the government which he thought functioning so smoothly that his presence was not required, took him at his word, or his thought, perhaps, and a rising liberalist party began agitating for his removal.

It had been Dom Pedro's burning ambition to build up Brazil's productivity. Now as she was discovering her own resources, and especially as she was sensing her political potentialities, she was feeling the urge for a democratic form of government. But it was one thing to depose an unpopular monarch; quite another to depose one who had been beloved and above reproach for nearly half a century.

But Dom Pedro was growing old; he was not in robust health; there was no male successor to the throne. Princess Isabel had shown herself to be overemotional and too easily influenced. Her manner of freeing the slaves and precipitating the country into economic panic was still fresh in the minds of those who had suffered financial disaster.

Dom Pedro readily agreed to a new form of government. He even agreed that the royal family should go to Portugal

so that no influence of the monarchy should remain. This last was a sad decision. Even as he made it, he prayed it never would come to pass. Thereza Maria no less than he was attached to Brazil. Quinta da Boa Vista was their earthly paradise. Resolutely, Dom Pedro appointed the famous jurist, Dr. Lafayette Rodrigues Pereira, as the man best qualified to guide the government through its contemplated change.

Then, suddenly, on November 15, 1889, the military garrison of Rio de Janeiro, under Marechal Deodoro, proclaimed the Republic of Brazil.

A messenger brought the news to Dom Pedro as he sat in his study. He also brought official notice that a steamer would be in the harbor at noon the following day to receive the royal family. For several minutes the white-haired monarch gazed silently on the lovely gardens of the palace grounds. Then he quietly signed the paper demanding his abdication.

It was midafternoon, the hour when all the ladies-in-waiting were gathered in the private sitting room of the Empress for tea. It was Dom Pedro himself who broke the news gently to Thereza Maria, half apologizing to her for the sudden turn of affairs and the necessity for haste imposed upon her. She hid her grief from him. Only the court ladies saw the tears she could not stem as they all hurried to help her collect her most precious personal belongings and her clothes.

In the meantime, the streets and *praças* of downtown Rio were filling with people. Nightfall brought an increase in their numbers. The military was ordered out, ready to check any demonstration. Still the crowds increased. Marechal Deodoro, growing more and more apprehensive about the feelings of the populace, sent messengers to ascertain the whereabouts of Dr. Pereira, and to see if he were taking any counteraction.

At midnight, when the crowds seemed still to be increasing, Deodoro sent an army officer to Quinta da Boa Vista to bring

the royal family immediately to the ship waiting in the harbor. Aroused from bed, they snatched what they could as they dressed. This act, shunting them off like criminals between two days, hurt the already bruised feelings of the family to the point of insult. The only comfort they found was in the fact that it was done to forestall any counterrevolt against Deodoro. At least they knew they still had friends in the land they loved so dearly.

Dona Thereza Maria died within the year. Alone in a modest hotel room in Oporto, when Dom Pedro had gone out with friends for the evening, she gave way to overwhelming homesickness, and was in a coma when her husband returned. Alone and lonely, Dom Pedro died two years later in a Paris hotel.

So Empire days, that were not so far away when I first went to Brazil, were always recalled with tender sentiment of happiness tinged with sadness. Regret that an otherwise happy reign, which had redeemed two unhappy and tragic reigns, could not have been closed with decent regard for rulers who had grown old in loyal service to the country, was voiced again and again by those who had shared intimately in the daily lives of the royal household.

### CHAPTER III

## ARRIVAL IN OLD RIO

RIO DE JANEIRO always has presented breath-taking scenic beauty, but as the city grows larger and the skyline becomes the usual one of modern skyscrapers, the jewellike effect of thirty years ago disappears.

When I saw it first in 1911, the municipality employed a French landscape engineer as a *cuidade projectista* (city planner). It was his job to make and keep the city beautiful, to see that each new building enhanced the general design of its site, to see that its architecture harmonized with that of adjacent buildings. The magnificent sweep of the Avenida Beira Mar, outlining the bay for five miles, was not marred by bathing beaches.

Ocean liners anchored majestically off Largo da Gloria, sailing in like grand dames and settling themselves in the center loge of nature's theatre. The city with its leisurely life was the stage, the backdrop comprised of vividly green mountains and the bold gray tors of Corcovado, Tijuca, and Gavea. The sound of anchor chains rattling out through the ship's eyes was the signal for a fleet of bright-canopied motor launches to dart out from the seawall of Gloria Bay with horns tooting a din of welcome to homecoming friends and relatives. The more elaborate launches carried orchestras of guitar and mandolin players, and they would circle the ship as they serenaded with songs of welcome.

Gay, champagne-popping parties were given on shipboard; less gay groups waited in the shady Largo da Gloria to greet



friends. There a small band played unobtrusively, and white-clad *vendedores*, barefooted and smiling, trays suspended from their shoulders, peddled demitasses of black, syrupy coffee, slices of golden pineapple, and *doces* (sweets) made of grated coconut.

The effusive greetings and farewells that women in this country indulge in, to the embarrassment of the men, are masculine prerogatives in Latin America. Men kiss on either cheek and embrace with fervor and many exclamations of affection. Women are greeted quietly, almost as if by afterthought, but there is such frank pleasure in the greetings of the men that women have no thought of being slighted. Feminine flutterings about luggage inspection also were absent, for declarations were made by the men while still on board the ship.

So, undisturbed here on the shady, breeze-cooled Largo da Gloria, barefooted *carregadores*—licensed carriers—sorted out the luggage of their various patrons, stacked it on their heads, trunks included, and trotted away, muscles bulging on their work-thickened necks, a circular cushion their only protection against a flattened skull. Chauffeurs of private cars waited interminably in smiling Latin patience; taxis went and returned without haste; drivers drank coffee and ate *doces* as they waited for the next unhurried fare; while seven or eight hundred first-class passengers disembarked with no more hubbub or confusion than would attend the arrival and departure of guests from an afternoon reception.

Another ship might be arriving or departing the next day, or the day following. At that time, sailings to European ports from Rio were frequent, and were booked heavily. Sailings from North America to Rio were rare, and departures and arrivals incidental, because Brazilian patronage was meager, and ships then in service were not comparable in appointments

with those of European lines. I realized this particularly because I went to Brazil from Europe.

There was no tourist travel in those days; Brazil disregarded the sight-seer, and provided no tourist hotels. However, she had homey family hotels designed for the enjoyment of visitors, with suites of from three to six rooms. The employees spoke French, rarely a word of English. Guests puffed up long flights of wide, uncarpeted stairs to the second and third floors—thank goodness, three floors were the limit. Such high-ceilinged rooms I've never seen anywhere else in the world, and the windows were so ample they actually opened up one-half the side of the room. But there were no private baths. Men and women in bath robes and pajamas waited together before the two doors, side by side, revealingly marked "Banho" and "Latrina." Which might give the impression that life in Brazil at that time was distinctly informal. Not so. Once one was clothed in conventional raiment, formality was donned with the same grace and flourish as that of a cavalier putting on his plumed hat.

Among the fellow passengers whom my senior brother had invited to join us on that first day for a round of coffee, calls, and sight-seeing, was an American to whom we rather proudly referred as a breezy Westerner. He had enjoyed the many soft liqueurs served with the coffee. We were resting on the veranda of the Hotel Estrangeiros before I retired to dress for dinner. The genial Westerner was warm. As he sat down he unbuttoned his vest, and luxuriously fanned himself with his straw hat.

A uniformed hotel porter walked past our group. In a few moments the manager walked past. Each had an unpleasant professional air of scrutiny and looked in my direction as I sat next to the Westerner. Then the porter returned, walking quietly in back of us. Very politely he leaned over the shoulder

of the breezy but warm American and said in a low voice, "Your buttons, sir; you must close them."

The poor man slapped his hat across his front and jumped up as if the porter had put a charge of dynamite under him. His face flamed so red I expected him to collapse in apoplexy. He was stout, which made matters worse. When he discovered it was only his vest that was unbuttoned, his language did credit to the stormy Utah plains from which he hailed. I know now that people can expire from suppressed laughter. Only a funny story quickly told saved the entire group of us from suffocation.

But all indiscretions were not laughed off so blithely. That very evening our Western friend was refused admittance to the fashionable restaurant where we were dining, though our Brazilian host did his best to persuade the headwaiter to abrogate the rule of the house as to evening dress just once, explaining that the man was on a business trip and had no evening clothes with him.

"You may cancel your reservations, sir," was all the concession the waiter would make.

But the Westerner had discreetly disappeared. Ruggedness of character might have been shining in his heart, but that world liked the order of the gentleman signified by an expanse of white shirt front.

He was not the only American salesman in Brazil who found out the embarrassing way that there correct dress was worth at least as much to him as his most persuasive sales talk. I have seen our men, who virtually set standards for the world in business and professional efficiency, antagonize the Brazilians by carelessness in common courtesy.

For social and commercial life, to the Brazilians, are not two separate phases of human existence. This does not mean that he discusses buying and selling between dinner courses, nor



over his coffee and liqueurs; but he does seem to get more pleasure out of his business than the typical American—rather, he builds more pleasure into it. He brings social conventions into his business; we tend to reverse this order. Whatever threatens the serenity of the Brazilian's day is usually postponed until tomorrow, when he hopes the perplexity will work out logically and fairly. *Amanhã* is a sweet word on a sultry afternoon.

I was frankly bewildered and slightly dazzled when I first met these Brazilian men. I was reared with four brothers. We played ball (one old cat), climbed trees, jumped off the barn roof, rode yearling colts and calves, and settled our disputes with fists. So, to the grown-up me, men were just normal human beings who contributed generously to the enjoyment of life. I was not prepared for the knighthood of all masculinity; nor for their dominance, however chivalric, of all social activities.

At a small reception on the evening of the second day after my arrival, I recognized a man with whom I had chatted at some length during our midnight supper on shipboard. My friendly "good evening" to him very nearly got me classified in the wrong column. My senior brother hurried to explain gravely that I should not so much as raise my eyes to recognize any man before he spoke to me; and that his speaking to me, or not, would be wholly at his pleasure, with no obligation whatsoever to any previous acquaintance. I was more than bewildered.

But I quickly learned that every man in Brazil is a cavalier to every feminine heart and has studied from boyhood the art of making himself attractive in manner and grooming. Correct poise has been a part of his education, and with commendable determination he has acquired habitual ease of general demeanor. Almost before he has passed the period of adolescence,

he has perfected himself in that primal grace by which woman always will be lured in spite of her knowledge that external attractions may not represent internal worth. So when one adjusts one's self to Latin standards of conventions, there are fascinating recompenses.

#### CHAPTER IV

### OLD WORLD MANNERS

THE PEOPLE one met thirty years ago in Brazil were virtually all native Brazilians, that is, descendants of the sixteenth century Portuguese settlers or of later immigrants from the mother country. There was little foreign flavor of any kind in social life, and that little was French, not through French immigration, although there was some evidence of that in the business houses of the Ouvidor, but through French cultural influence. Girls and boys alike were sent to Paris to finish their educations, and all quite naturally learned to speak French as casually and easily as they spoke Portuguese.

To be sure, there were Germans, Italians, English, and a few *Americanos do Norte* in business and professional life, but practically all of these were first-generation foreigners. Their influence on the modes and manners of the Brazilians, except for that of the Germans in the southern states of Santa Catharina and Rio Grande do Sul, was not felt outside their particular zones of activity.

Empire days scarcely had passed. The Republic had come into being so quietly and so abruptly that there had been no disruption of customs and conventions, and the pleasant tang of court formalities still lingered like the sweet scent of faded flowers. Every aspect of social life was still clothed in the purple and vermilion of the Braganza dynasty.

Yet with all the lack of pliancy in etiquette, life was easy to what seemed almost the point of indolence. Financial gain was secondary to enjoyment. The men, by common consent, gave

themselves time for leisure and did not crush out their appreciation of the pleasures of the carefree hours of the day. Theirs was the typical art of tropical living, bolstered by the inflexible austerities of old world conventions.

When, by further acquaintance and the aid of cool logic, I found that the secondary, or retiring, place of women was not so bad, I began to like it and depend upon it. The first shock had come like the initial deluge of a cold shower, from which one warms up in a pleasant glow of heightened virtue. I analyzed the principle of this apparent masculine arrogance and found it the height of chivalry toward their own women. A man, whether father, husband, brother, or son, was the social guardian of all the women in his family. It was by his grace that they met strangers. Woman-to-woman introductions were condoned only in emergencies sufficiently urgent to warrant this breach of etiquette.

Instead of its being the proper thing to introduce the lady first, it was a mark of rank discourtesy to both her and her escort. The man must be introduced first; then by his silence you had his implied consent to make the presentation of your friend to his feminine companion or the members of his family.

This masculine self-aggrandizement was not an empty glory. It was weighty with responsibility and even weightier with stern accountability to all masculine compeers. By putting themselves in this high position of complete but gracious supremacy, to be judged only in the critical courts of their own sex, it was their own prestige they placed before the bar. It was a cherished possession, this prestige. It must be nurtured and, taking into account the carnal passions natural to a tropical people, preserved as inviolate as may be.

Brazilians did not countenance the loose tactics that we call gold-digging. A Brazilian man had too much pride in himself to be the weak victim of women's iniquitous wiles. He was

accustomed to flattery, having fed upon it since he was in knee pants, so the gold-digger had no weapon with which to launch her campaign. The Brazilian man looked with pity and compassion upon the man who puppy-dogged after a gold-digger, regarding such conduct as the lowest form of masculine weakness. The women of this class he would exterminate with fumigation, as he would any other pest.

Although Brazilian men were no more tolerant of their own shortcomings than they were of feminine frailties, yet they gave themselves privileges that would spell heartbreak to the Anglo-Saxon woman. On our steamer from Lisbon to Brazil, one passenger was an Englishman who was returning to his home in Rio. His slightest remark about Brazilian life held my rapt attention. One day when we were somewhere between the Cape Verde Islands and the Brazilian coast he said casually, "Every man in Brazil has his mistress."

If I'd had the power at that moment to turn our ship about I'd have done it. My princely senior brother had lived in Brazil for five years. He'd said he liked Brazil. Was this the reason? The remainder of the journey to Rio held days and nights of mental anguish for me. In my mid-Victorian innocence, I conjured up all manner of amorous situations, fact and fiction, from Cleopatra to the latest royal scandal.

Then, like a tragedienne, I steeled myself for the meeting. I should be gay at all costs. This glorious day, waited for so longingly, should not be spoiled by betrayal of my suspicions. My brother ran up the ship's ladder two steps at a time, whirled on the landing and stepped lightly on deck, tall, handsome, smiling. I ran to meet him. Alas, when I was all but in his arms I burst into violent weeping. With my head jammed somewhere in the region of his stomach I wailed, "Oh, brother, brother! Have you a mistress?"

He shook me by the shoulders and said words that would



put him in a class with some of our best generals; then he marched me off down the deck to powder my nose before meeting the friends he'd brought on board.

Not daring to provoke another explosion of forceful invectives, I dropped the subject of mistresses. But a fortnight later, the mother of my brother's closest friend, who had been one of the ladies-in-waiting to Empress Thereza Maria, invited me on an all-day excursion to Paquetá Island. Paquetá, with this refined gentlewoman! I knew it as the Edenlike island where Dom Pedro I had maintained a pretentious home for one of his mistresses, a beautiful mulatto, and her family. It was an excursion of state then. The much-too-gay young Emperor used to be rowed up the bay in a canopied, high-prowed boat with twenty oarsmen. It was an all-day trip, for always one-half the way had to be rowed against the tide.

Now we settled ourselves on the straight-backed pine benches of the crablike side-wheel ferryboat for only a little more than an hour's ride. But I lived years—all my grown-up years—during that ride. The casual conversation of this lovely, dainty, convention-minded woman marked the beginning of a new chapter in my mental development, and I had to rearrange my principles of morality and propriety to incorporate hitherto blocked-out ethics of conduct.

It is a matter of history that pleasure-loving Dom Pedro I did not appreciate his pious and intellectual Empress; but to learn that for a man to have a mistress was not necessarily a heartbreak to his wife, because the mistress was regarded as a chattel, and that the custom was almost universal in Brazil—this was, to me, verily dragging the cardinal sin of man out into a new and glaring light.

Too surprised to comment, I listened to stories of the careful and painstaking selection of mistresses for boys entering manhood—a custom designed to preclude the promiscuity prevail-

ing in other countries, which to Brazilians was and is shockingly immoral. I learned that mistresses were hired for life, if their behavior was above reproach, or unless they themselves should wish to terminate the arrangement; that they had their own social prerogatives and privileges; that the second night of the grand opera season was theirs; that they were recognized as an everyday factor in life; that they did not necessarily come from the ranks of prostitutes; and that a man did not lower his pride in himself by falling in love with his mistress; nor did he permit his relations with her to interfere with his obligations to his wife and family.

The pleasures of sight-seeing are not the sole advantages of travel.

The annual five or six weeks of grand opera were to me both an illustration and a symbol of Brazil's cultivated, aristocratic old-world life. The season opened in June, when the European season had been closed; entire troupes arriving for an extravagant second season south of the Equator. I am happy that I had the good fortune to attend an opening night in Rio when Mascagni brought his artists—ballet, chorus, and orchestra—from the Milan Theatre. Rio's *Theatro Municipal*, modeled then on the Paris Opera House, with its wasteful seating capacity, was more brilliant than the French model, and the audience far outshone that of any opening night of the New York Metropolitan. Young men and young women far outnumbered the dowager and dean type of patron.

Although the curtain rose at ten o'clock, patrons still were arriving at eleven. And with all their passion for good music, they apparently listened only casually. Attentive listening, I learned, marked one as uncultured and unfamiliar with great art.

I have a painful remembrance of my inattentiveness on this

opening night. It was a performance of *Aida*, and I think Zanatello was singing for the first time in South America. Circumstances were such that my mind was not functioning properly. Yet had it not been for the experience that caused my absent-mindedness, I'd not carry in my heart so many *saudades* (longings) for Brazil.

I had been visiting my senior engineer brother in the country, and we had come in on the São Paulo Express, a fast train from the south, arriving in Rio about six o'clock. In my excited anticipation of the gala evening—dinner before the opera and supper afterwards, and our host's big limousine waiting at the railway station—I left my purse on the train.

I was a guest then in a delightful home on Santa Thereza Hill, so my brother left me at Carioca Station to take the tram that wound up the hill, and he dashed off to his club to dress. Before he even was out of sight—but, alas, out of hearing—I discovered the loss of my purse. Halfway up the narrow stone stairs was a small landing where tram patrons bought newspapers and lottery tickets from a man in a tiny booth. There was a telephone there. In great agitation, I asked the privilege of using it. And *what* use I gave that phone!

"*Dois, dois, oito, quatro,*" I would call. The operator would make the connection. A Portuguese servant would answer the ring. "Dr. Noble, please," I would say. The servant would say something I could not understand. All I could say was, "*No compreender,*" and he would hang up.

After an hour of this, his patience was exhausted. Hearing my voice, he would hang up the receiver. The news vendor tried to help me out. He could talk to the servant, but I could not tell either of them what it was I wanted. All this time, the men whose homes were on the Hill were passing through on their way to the tram. The small space around the vendor's booth was crowded; the vendor told me to sit up on his little



counter. I couldn't call a taxi. I had no money. Anyway, this was in the days when women didn't taxi around Rio alone.

To every man who passed through and gave me a friendly glance, I flung out an entreating arm, asking him if he spoke English. All the entreating gestures of my life I packed into those two and one-half hours! It was a warm evening, and with the crowd packed so closely into the small space, I got warmer and warmer. I tried desperately to tell everyone that I'd lost my handbag, with all my money and jewels. They understood. Those who had been there awhile would explain to those just arriving.

At last the inevitable happened; I began to cry. It was no mere sniffing. It was a matter of copious tears. I'd held them back too long. It was a cloudburst. Men patted me on the shoulder and said things that sounded comforting, by their tones. I felt like a lost puppy who wags his tail at a kindly voice. I could understand no more than he does the words spoken.

But when that wild burst of weeping was checked, I did a very wrong thing. It came over me suddenly what a spectacle I was making of myself, and I laughed. In a flash, I knew I'd done the wrong thing. The kindly sympathy in all those scores of faces turned in a twinkling to surprise, then to such a sinister expression of resentment that I still can feel the fear that surged up over me. Some drew back in disgust. Some pushed nearer, with words that held no kindly tone. There was promptly another flood of tears!

By this time two hours and one-half had passed. And not one woman had come up those narrow stairs! Fortunately, just before I reached the hysterical stage, an elderly man, who must have been a physician in a hospital for mental diseases, pushed through the crowd and talked earnestly with the news vendor.

The vendor, looking at his little clock, evidently told this

man how long I had been there, and who it was I was trying to get in touch with. The newcomer took the telephone and called for someone at the club who could speak English. His voice to that servant must have cut through any indifference. In a moment, I overheard a voice saying peevishly in my own language that Dr. Noble had left an hour ago to pick me up at my residence on Santa Thereza Hill. My benefactor got the residence on the wire. He spoke in Portuguese to the servant there.

I did not know until later that all he had said was to tell Dr. Noble that a lady was in distress at Carioca Station. Then he brushed the crowd back, took me gently but firmly by the arm and led me up the stairs to the small waiting room. The crowd followed. Here he sat me down and by pantomime told me to be quiet, that he would remain with me until help came. That man never knew how near he came to being embraced before that curious throng of onlookers! For the moment, he was the only friend I had in the whole wide world. He fanned me with his hat and patted my hand, and I wished I might be as responsive to his kindness as a puppy would have been.

My brother did not wait to come zigzagging down the Hill on the tram, but dashed madly down the steep Ladeira. The first glimpse I got of his face, white, frightened, fearful, as he ran up the steps, made me more sorry for him than for myself. He looked so fine in his high silk hat, his Inverness coat, his slender walking stick over his arm—and I had spoiled one of the very few evenings he could have in town!

His six feet and three inches towered above the rest of the crowd. He literally reached over the men and took me by the shoulders, rescuing me, as he thought, from the mob. Looking up into his tragic face, I said weakly, "I've lost my purse."

"Hell, is *that* all!" he said through his set lips.

That kindly, understanding man, who must have been a

psychiatrist, had to slide my brother into a seat to keep him from fainting. But his gallantry bore him up sufficiently to explain in detail what I had pantomimed so tragically and repeatedly and wept over so copiously.

We got the bag. It had been turned in to the Lost and Found Office at the station by a *fazendeiro* who had sat across the aisle from us on the train. He had written a note in Portuguese: "To be returned to the happy young people who made my train trip a pleasure." We never could learn his identity to thank him. We missed the dinner party and arrived late at the opera, I with swollen eyes and a red nose. But I had on my diamonds and my heirloom jewelry! But, more precious still, I had a bubbling love in my heart for that gallant *fazendeiro*, for the three men in the railway office who declined my brother's proffered reward and asked only "the thanks of the *senhorinha*," and for the men at Carioca Station. It's rather an inflated emotional sense to love so many men at the same time!

In those grand-opera-from-Europe days, it was a boast of the Brazilians that they could make or unmake a new opera, or a new director, or composer. Consequently, nothing new was ventured before this ultracritical tribunal. They heard only the old and accepted and, as a consequence, missed many excellent contemporary things that were tried out elsewhere. Zanatello at that time was making his initial tour of Latin America, and my appearance at *Aïda* was just in time to see him being carried down the aisle on the shoulders of a group of young men at the conclusion of the first act.

Rio's opera house has an exterior similar to that of the famous one in Paris, but instead of gray granite, the Brazilians used white marble. It cost a huge sum to build and still remains the pride of the municipality, although still carrying an annual deficit of several thousand cruzeiros.

When European opera and dramatic troupes used to play

seasonal engagements at Buenos Aires, Santiago, and Rio, there grew up a most unusual rivalry among the three cities. Its goal was extravagance; there was competition as to which would incur the heaviest deficit for the season. At this time, six weeks of grand and light opera and two or three weeks of French drama constituted the season, so they boasted of the deficit as evidence of their ability to enjoy the best of the world's art, and their ability to pay well for it. A splendid arrangement, I would say, for the European impresarios!

During all this season of drama and opera, the well-dressed woman never appeared twice in the same costume. The audience was like a glittering fashion show each successive evening, with new jewels appearing in dazzling frequency. And they were real gems, not imitations. For this gala season of the year, the men would have made special trips to the fashion marts of Paris. Mother and daughters may have gone with father, but this was unnecessary to the acquisition of a becoming wardrobe. Father knew where and what to buy, and Paris modistes knew their clientèle. Designers created new styles for this lavish trade, making up exclusive models to fill cabled orders. At this time, May and June saw South America getting the styles that we in North America received the following October and November.

But there was one night that mothers and daughters counted out. That was the second night of the season. For that was mistresses' night. The men might—or might not—go. There was no diminution in the excellence of the performance nor, I was told, a great deal in beauty or lavishness of dress. If a man should be especially fond of the billing for this particular night, there was no criticism by his friends or his family of his sitting through the performance with his mistress.

## CHAPTER V

### THE FAMILY PATIO

TYPICAL BRAZILIAN family life, as I found when first I was graciously admitted within its doors, was a close-knit, thoroughly organized institution. In relation to the state, it was distinctly an empire within an empire.

The emperor of this miniature domain was unquestionably the father—the *pai*. He was the head of the family both in theory and practice, which eliminated all debate as to the source and power of disciplinary procedure. *Pai* and *mãe* were like king and queen. Nor did marrying and leaving home release son or daughter from punctilious observance of filial regard, and even obedience. Yet this respect seemed not to spring so much from strictness and discipline as it did from real affection.

Insofar as any observer can tell what prompts respect and obedience in a family of children, I should say that in Brazilian home life it was kindness and courtesy begetting kindness and courtesy. Children seemed hopelessly spoiled until they reached the age of pride and reason in behavior, then they suddenly blossomed forth in a filial attitude and general deportment that was above reproach. And this change, not having been born of severity, left no dregs of austerity to dampen youthful devotion.

The father received the kiss on either cheek from his son who might be five or fifty; and the embraces of the daughter were as tender toward her parents when she herself had married



and had her own family as they were when she was the spoiled pet of ten.

The son's deference to the wishes of his father was complete. If father disapproved of his son's use of cigarettes, the son did not smoke in his father's presence and, most likely, not at all. If the son liked liquors, the father served liquors at home, with the tacit understanding that the son would not drink elsewhere. For a son who dishonored himself dishonored his father infinitely more.

In a society still so stable, the routine of family life varied but little from day to day. Routine is more essential in the tropics than in temperate zones. It is the only thing that keeps one from succumbing blissfully to luxurious decadency.

An energetic housekeeper roused the family between eight and nine o'clock with coffee and hot milk and rolls, served in each member's room—usually in bed—and each one went his own way until one o'clock, when breakfast was served. This hour, and the dinner hour at eight or nine in the evening, were hard and fast family routines. Absences were not condoned except in events of absolute necessity; and social engagements with boy or girl friends were not in this category.

Families usually were large; seldom was there a household without several in-laws. Life under the parental roof was always gay and happy. Mealtimes were like parties. It was seldom there was not at least one guest; and more than likely there would be three or four. Members of the family rather vied with each other about bringing guests home for meals—the goal being quality and not quantity. When father brought home the visiting *magistrado*, or mayor, from a neighboring metropolis, the children were thrilled, as the parents were thrilled when little sister brought home her pretty music teacher to grace the family table. Mother and auntie, in their sequestered lives, were at a disadvantage; though I did see



mother set the family stiffly in their chairs one noon by fetching home from a charity meeting a world-renowned church dignitary as her guest. What member of the family would have missed that breakfast!

Once coffee is served, with soft cheese and slices of hard guava marmalade—delicious combination—there is no formality about lingering at the table, especially if it is the midday breakfast. Father and his older sons did not close their offices and businesses and come hurrying home only to have breakfast. So they quietly slipped away for a nap. The usual respite from business was two or three hours, probably from eleven-thirty to two. Those hot midday hours were set aside for a quiet *sesta* in a cool, darkened room.

Closing hours for business were at the whim of the individual and varied from four to eight. If the men came home early, the family gathered in the patio for coffee and *doces*; then father took another *sesta* before dinner. If the evening was to be formal, dinner was not served until nine or even later, so after a refreshing shower, he was ready for anything that might be on the agenda until two or three in the morning.

There was no night-club dissipation. Even now this hollow distraction does not appeal to the conservative Brazilians. Evenings were spent quietly with friends, and the fine art of conversation was regarded as an essential social accomplishment. However, more often than not the men would visit among themselves and leave the women to do likewise. Yet almost every family had one or two talented musicians who performed well enough to bring all the guests together for an hour or so. Then there would be a supper of spiced cold meats and jellies, cheese and fruit, thin bread and butter and coffee.

Following supper would come the treat of the day or, rather, of the night—a motor ride on the light-as-day Avenida Beira Mar. Out on one side of the center parking, back on the other,

out and back, out and back, in the soft night air. Gay parties exchanged greetings and passed each other in brushes of speed, and if the sons of the families were at the wheel, there was such jeopardizing of human life as to keep my hair wrong side up.

But there was more to the gay drive than just driving. Everyone was alert to pick out a car that might be driving very decorously, chauffeur and footman in the front seat, and only two people in the tonneau, a man and a girl. Always the cars were open, with tops down to get the cool breeze. If the man was sitting a trifle sideways, with eyes only for the girl at his side, oblivious of all others on the boulevard, it was an unofficial declaration of their engagement. Mischievous friends might pace his car and try to distract his attention. I never saw it work. If too much attention grew embarrassing to the couple, the chauffeur would dart off into a side street and later rejoin the grand motor promenade. So midnight motor rides constituted an important part of the social calendar.

But to mention only casually, as I have, the serving of coffee, is to fail flagrantly in giving this service its proper place in Brazilian life. It is a ceremony without formality and christened my acquaintance with Brazilians from north to south and east to west. Only the making of 'ava, the drink of the Polynesians in the South Pacific, approximates the grace of preparation that goes into the making of a cup of coffee in Brazil.

No one ever left Brazil without bidding a sad farewell to real Brazilian coffee, and if there should be a reason-of-the-flesh for returning, it is this. Real Brazilian coffee never was made on a gas range in an apartment house; nor is it the kind that is today served in tourist hotels. The popular saying that a Brazilian never drinks coffee outside his own country refers

to the true Brazilian brew made over a bed of glowing coals in the back yard, by gaily turbaned women, usually black.

Many times I have watched grandmother, mother and granddaughter sitting under the wide shade of a mango tree, tending their fire, raking out live coals to cool just a little before they were shoved under the roasting kettle. They would be ready with pestel and mortar the moment the coffee beans had a browned odor, just off the burn. Laughing, gossiping and bantering with the other servants did not distract from their single purpose: to do perfectly the job that had taken them all their younger years to learn.

Even the selection of the green coffee was not a job for the novice. In addition to its age—Brazilians never would think of using coffee under ten years old and twelve is preferred—it must have been aged under the proper conditions, with only enough humidity to keep the oils mellow. Then to roast it so slowly that all the oil was retained, to pulverize it while it was fresh and warm from the heavy iron kettle, to put it quickly into a straining bag before the aroma is lost on the air, and immediately pour over it water of a temperature that would not scald out the flavor—all this constitutes the art of coffee-making practiced nowhere else in the world. The perfection attained by these women, whose only task is to roast coffee whenever it is wanted, is remarkable. No wonder it is wanted often!

Maids from the kitchen would have ready a tray of small cups two-thirds full of soft, domestic sugar. These were filled as the black coffee dripped from the bag; as it was served, the shiny drops of oil floated on top, and the aroma was so delectable that inhaling its fragrance was almost as satisfying as the sipping of the liquid. Popular specifications were that it should be "as hot as hell, as black as night, and as sweet as a woman's

love"—but this did not mean the intense heat of our cooked coffee, from which most of the oil and flavor are steamed out.

But to me there was more in this picture than merely making a pot of coffee in the traditional way. Those happy Negro women were figures in the foreground of a gigantic mural painting representing a fast-dimming past. They symbolized the tranquil life of the great *fazendas* from which they had drifted into the cities, when the slaves were freed—great *fazendas* that were comparable to the estates of our old South.

They were a happy lot, these Brazilian servants, and most of them were pretty shiftless. Each one, inside the house or outside, did one particular task and slept the rest of the time. It was not unusual to see eight or ten servants lolling around the kitchen, waiting for their meal of *feijões* and *arroz*. The *feijões* (beans) always were cooked with meat, and always there was a generous dish of browned manioc flour; the *arroz* (rice) was steamed and flaky, and usually eaten in bowls of milk. This was all the food they asked and, with plenty of it, they worked for almost nothing and were contented.

I knew an excellent servant, a middle-aged woman, who was selected from the staff of servants to remain in the house while the family went on a prolonged visit to Europe. When they returned, and the master would have paid her for the five months she had so faithfully taken care of the premises, she declined any remuneration, saying simply, "You were not here, *Senhor*; I only waited for you to return."

Servants had a devotion to their employers that made one overlook laxities. It was a maxim that no Brazilian ever dismissed a servant. If work was not done, he simply hired one more and hoped for improvement. Although the women had the job of keeping the house on a smooth routine, the men hired the help, and any disciplinary measures came from them.



A servant who had to be reprimanded by the master was, at least apparently, deeply humiliated.

The chief duty of any woman in the home was to keep herself attractive. This was essential. All Brazilian women are good-looking, and they are always well dressed. They may not have handsomer features than other Latin-American women, but they have a warmer, more gracious beauty than their cousins of Spanish extraction. They *are* more gracious and less pretentious. They have the ease of manner that indicates true quality.

Another of those self-assumed responsibilities of the men was to see that the women of the family were well dressed, though I should not use the past tense even now. No man wanted to see his friend's wife dressed better than his own, so there never was any stint of expenditure for her clothes. Heavenly, *n'est-ce pas?*

Until after World War I, there were only a few dressmakers in Brazil, and no modistes at all. So when father could no longer make semi-annual trips to Paris for the wardrobes of the various members of his family, the modistes came to Brazil. I make the distinction that a modiste creates modes, and the dressmaker uses a design created by someone else. But in the days when Parisian dresses were a matter of course, I have seen any number of young girls cleverly copy a design. Any talent that contributed to attractiveness was natural.

These were the days when French silk manufacturers stocked the small shops on the Rua Ouvidor with their best goods. They knew the talents of these clever Brazilian women, and their extravagant buying. Shopping on the narrow Rua Ouvidor—the Rue de la Paix of Rio—was almost a social event. From four to six in the afternoon, with vehicular traffic suspended, as it is still, shoppers loitered and visited down the middle of the street, and stopped for coffee at the sidewalk cafés. Even



in this crowd no woman went alone. If she could not have a male member of the family as an escort, she would have two or three of the women, and always mother or auntie as chaperon.

This assignment of chaperon was not a small task. In Brazil, it was taken seriously, and with two or more beautiful daughters, mother or auntie was kept busy. For young men found this hour most convenient to shop for a tie or a pair of gloves, and there were plenty of flirtations carried on over coffee cups at the sidewalk tables. If a young man saw a girl he especially admired, he paid her the highest compliment by staring at her, and any girl who went home without having "rated" a stare was disappointed.

I missed the privilege of browsing about alone in the little shops. Not that it was not perfectly safe so far as bodily harm was concerned, but it was not done. Salesmen snubbed one, and the young man at the ribbon counter plainly showed his disdain of the lone shopper—which was I. Only by shocking him was I able to learn how much he shocked me. There never has been any doubt in my mind that a woman really enjoys the mental state of complete independence.

But to the Brazilian woman, accustomed as she was to the sheltered security of masculine care, the existence of the wholly independent woman must have seemed a waste of feminine emotions, those emotions that comfort the hearts of men and elevate them a step or two above themselves.

However that was, the Brazilian women appeared happy, and so did the men, and family life was extremely stable—a condition which society looks upon with favor. In exchange for relinquishing every semblance of self-assertion, the women had an undeniably great reward in the fact that men bound themselves to carry out every ideal of chivalry and honor. So the exaltation of the male logically carried with it the majesty

of mental and spiritual consecration on his part to these lofty principles.

"Coop women," as Vance Thompson once called all feminine stay-at-homes, have the satisfaction of knowing that preening their feathers for favor earns the recompense not often earned by intellectual attainments. Without meaning to imply that the smaller gain compensates the greater loss, I feel there was, nevertheless, an indefinable charm about the Brazilian woman's sweet, do-nothing mode of life that might well tug at the heart of even the most ambitious career woman.

After all, there is inevitably a let-down when an ardent feminist fain would be the idol of some man's heart. Being the abstract ideal of a multitude of hearts fails to fill that queer little corner that nature meant for concrete marital love—that something which constitutes the other half of living. Would that it could, for the world would be the beneficiary, as it has been in the innumerable instances of women who devoted their lives to serving Man, not man.

During the days that are now only slightly past, the pretty idea was built around the Brazilian woman that the longer she remained within the walls of her own home and garden, the greater was her virtue; consequently, the greater was the devotion she received from her husband. Considering the beautiful homes and the cool gardens, I should say it was not a difficult way to earn devotion. But by this golden-hued, gossamer web, she was "cabined, cribbed, confined," yet she need not have been "bound in to saucy doubts and fears."

However, once a year, on the occasion of the *Carnaval Carioca*, Brazilian society strips off its cloak of convention and steps out frankly *au naturel*. Having survived one carnival in Rio, I am certain I never could survive another. Anglo-Saxon temperaments are not pliant enough for this rollicking, riotous

celebration of the Latins. There are three days and four nights of such abandon to gaiety, and clownish, ludicrous frivolity that one hovers between emotional excitement and exhaustion. One cannot stop to rest, even though complete physical exhaustion threatens one with collapse. You reach the stage when mind and body become diametrically opposed and refuse to function together. You are literally mangled between two entities. You laugh when you'd rather cry, dance when you'd rather sleep. All the sense in your head seems to have evaporated, together with that in two million other heads. The very air becomes like heady wine, intoxicating one with every breath.

The first carnival took place in 1641, as a coronation festival to celebrate the accession of Dom João IV to the throne of Portugal. Since that time, it has been a pre-Lenten occasion, anticipated throughout the year. Gradually growing more and more pretentious and elegant with each passing century, now it is an event of commercial importance as well as the social highlight of the twelve months. Thousands of visitors come to Rio from all the states of Brazil and from Uruguay and Argentina. All the major cities of Brazil have their *Folia*, but the "Frolic" of Rio exceeds them all in extravagance.

Each stratum of society has its own standard of amusement; carnival clubs function throughout the year, each climaxing its activities with a grand ball or other elaborate entertainment at the carnival. Each club has its own colors—the *Democráticos*, black and white; the *Fenianos*, red and yellow; *Os Tenentes do Diabo* (Lieutenants of the Devil), red and white. These, with the *Congresso dos Fenianos* and *Pierrots da Caverna*, make up the five principal clubs of Rio and maintain the most exclusive memberships.

Each of these five strive by every device to outdo the others. The best artists are engaged months in advance to design costumes, floats for the grand parade, and decorations for ball-

rooms. Each artist is given a free hand to initiate any extravagance of which he can conceive. If an artist creates a sensation, the clubs all vie for his services for the following year, or he may even be engaged for a number of years in advance.

But, from the mad gaiety of thirty years ago, *Carnaval Carioca* has toned down a bit now. It has changed from the free-for-all *Entrudo* of the streets, where everyone was an *Entrudista*—one who plays pranks—and each individual's paramount ambition was to outdo all others in mischief and recklessness. The wealthier classes now take their carnival pleasures chiefly in night clubs and casinos, driving in closed cars through the streets to watch the masses. This aloofness has dampened the spirit that made Brazil unique in lack of class distinction. Everyone mingling equally, masked or unmasked, once each year, was a wholesome gesture of comradeship.

No one is really rough, but there is plenty of room between gentleness and roughness to keep one animatedly anxious. Kidnapping a timid soul and holding him—or, more likely, her—captive for an entire evening or until some extravagant ransom was paid by the forfeiture of caps, coats or carnival equipment, is one of the more daring types of fun. And sometimes these questionable pranks continue throughout the carnival or even carry over in anticipated retaliation from year to year.

In the years when convention restricted the freedom of women, the carnival was a genuine lark, looked forward to and planned for from year to year—and remembered perhaps for many years. It was the time when an innocent flirtation might be indulged in, when soft-spoken words of endearment from a person unknown would make the heart flutter through many a sweet moment of retrospect.

During all the four nights and three days, there is continuous music by strolling groups of amateurs, some very excellent

players, others with only the aim of creating a noisy rhythm and gaining a following of dancers. If a group should play a new composition of its own, with catchy words and a gay lilt, it would promptly be taken up by the whole carnival crowd. Everyone would begin singing it, swinging and shuffling and whistling it, until it would fairly get into the blood.

The composition might be a melodic *marchinha* from the studio of a famous musician, or it might be a crude *samba* from a mud-floored shanty of the *Morro do Salgueiro*, the hills outside the city, but the crowd never asks where it came from, nor do the orchestras of the High Life Club, nor those playing in the private ballrooms of the élite. Formerly it would take a year or two for these popular songs to work out through the country, brought by singing trainmen or dashing *vaqueiros* or a *fazendeiro* who had been on a visit to the city. Now they go out over the country even before the carnival is over, and orchestras in Manãos and Goyaz and Porto Alegre will be playing by ear the song they heard over the radio—this magic that devours distance.

But after all the gaiety comes the sobering sunrise of Ash Wednesday. Day breaks on a city that is like a sepulcher. The whole population is exhausted. There are no newsboys, no vendors calling their wares; lottery booths are closed. Downtown, sleepy street cleaners are sweeping confetti and trampled flowers and broken perfume lances into neat piles to be picked up by more sleepy men slowly pushing their trash carts. Beautiful Rio is dirty, like a jaded, untidy queen with her hair down—but a queen who has had a very, very good time!



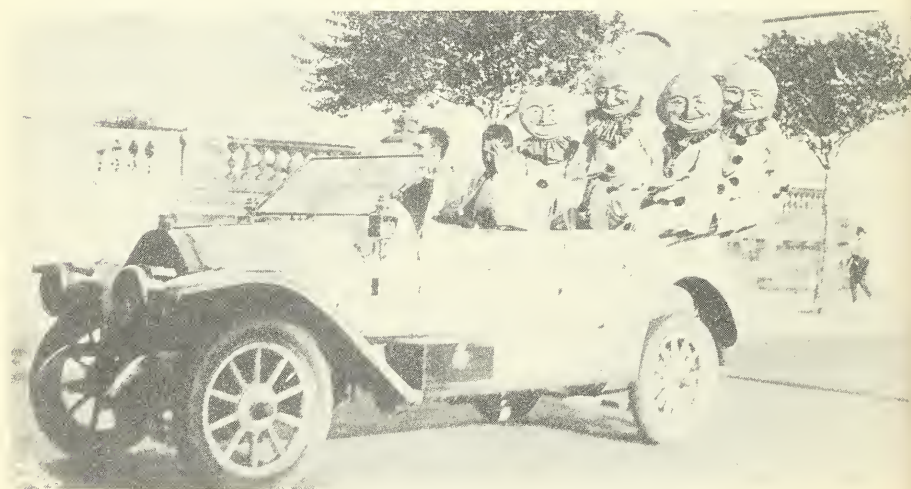


*Brazilian Gov't Trade Bureau photo*

Carnival scene in a Rio night club



A carnival group



A carnival group—The Pie Faces

## CHAPTER VI

### *MIDDLE-CLASS BRAZILIANS*

**O**FTEN ONE IS conscious of missing something, but is unable to identify it. For example, it took me a day or two of looking out over the city of Rio from the vantage point of Santa Thereza Hill, before I realized that the clean beauty of the housetops was due to the complete absence of chimneys. The only time artificial heat was needed was on a cloudy winter day in July or August, and even then a brazier of coals would be sufficient to take the chill off the room. So there was no smoky grime in the air, and the daily ministrations of Zeus kept the flat roofs washed clean of dust.

But the other quality that I missed in Brazilian life was not so easily identified. It took me some time to realize that there was a surprisingly small middle-class of people—the you-and-I who walk in a wide surge of our daily life, filling the middle of the road, leaving only a fringe of wealthy on one side, and of poor on the other; the you-and-I who storm the morning and evening trams, who save throughout the year for a gala summer holiday, spend more than we should at Christmastime, and buy expensive furniture on the installment plan. In short, those of us who are chronic aspirants for something better than we have, thus losing much of the enjoyment of what we do have.

The retail stores in Rio, São Paulo, Pernambuco (now Recife), and Baía (now São Salvador) were not stocked with merchandise suitable to the buying power of the people of those cities who have tastes similar to ours. Recreations and amusements



were not arranged for the needs of a great intellectual working class, such as we consider ourselves.

Brazil seemed to have but a thin line of the you-and-I class walking between the ample lines of wealth on one side and the more ample lines of poor on the other. At that, the poor were not the starving poor, but rather the happy-go-lucky poor, mostly of Negro blood, who frankly depended upon the rich for such of their needs as were not supplied by an indulgent Mother Nature.

Early in the morning, beginning even before daybreak, this group would come in from hut and shanty in the suburbs, in long strings of second-class trams, laughing and joking, to scatter to their menial jobs in homes, public buildings, markets, and on development projects of all kinds. Many worked from dawn to dark or even after dark, but they returned home still laughing and joking.

Then about nine o'clock in the morning would come the comparatively small trickle of men who worked in stores and offices and in the skilled trades. There were no girls among them at that time, consequently there was no gaiety. Men do not tend to be exuberant when they work together day after day at desk, or bench or counter. Girls were employed only in sheltered positions—as music or school teachers or nurses or milliners, where they would have no occasion to meet the general public and would create no problems of proper chaperonage. There never were enough Brazilian girls available to fill these positions, so many French girls found lucrative work.

The middle class appeared to live well and in an enviable state of contentment. I doubt if one in a thousand was mentally harrowed by a milreis of debt. He might owe a gambling debt, but this was not collectible by law, so he probably would do nothing more about it than buy a lottery ticket each morning on his way to work (providing a black cat did not cross his

path) in the hope of winning enough to pay it off. After a few weeks, the whole thing would be conveniently forgotten.

There were no intensive charity drives among these people. Charity was an obligation assumed by the wealthy. Yet all classes gave generously to the church. Sometimes father grumbled about mother's paying a bit too much for her blessings, but he wouldn't think of making mother unhappy by severe criticism. The majority of families owned their own homes. If the size of the premises permitted, they had bowers of flowers, a good patch of vegetables, and a pen or two of fowls. In the evenings, father would putter about finishing up what the gardener had left undone, and mother would flutter affectionately over her choicest beds of flowers.

Besides the gardener, there would probably be at least two servants in the house; and the equivalent of five or six dollars a month would probably cover the wages of all. The food for these servants might be a matter for us to think about twice, but Brazilian servants asked only rice and beans, with perhaps a chicken or a piece of boiling beef each day. Much of the cooking was done over charcoal in an out-kitchen, a *cozinha*, from whence an imperious *cozinheira* ruled the household with devoted austerity.

Consequently, no one of the family had to work too hard; no one was too edgy with weariness when the day was done to enjoy the others and the simple pleasures of home—not often the case with us. Then there were the holidays to ease away the tension of work. The holidays of church and state average more than one each week, legalizing absenteeism, as it were. Anyway, work in the tropics can shrink amazingly in importance, with rest and recreation rising in reverse ratio, thus making home even sweeter.

A home almost never housed just two people. If a young, newly married couple set up housekeeping, it was naturally



assumed that one set or the other of parents would come to live with them, although usually the young couple would go to live in one parental home or the other. Not from financial necessity, however. Life was just more pleasant that way. Almost invariably the family was large enough to make home life seem a kind of party.

Singing, dancing, piano- and guitar-playing were as much a part of evening routine as the family dinner. There was no apprehensive agitation or arguments about politics, and very seldom any disturbing discussion of civic affairs. Politics was delegated to statesmen who came almost exclusively from the wealthy class, since statesmanship was considered one of the lettered professions, and taxes paid the salaries of municipal employees whose duty it was to make the city a pleasant place in which to live.

But I do not mean to imply that these happy middle-class folk were indolently indifferent to such phases of city life as bore directly on their own convenience or welfare. They were anything but lethargic in nature—quite astonishingly the reverse. I saw a striking example of their method of handling matters when a protest to the city authorities regarding inadequate tram service to a new suburban district went unheeded. After several days had gone by with no hint of improvement in the service, a group of young men simply met each lagging car as it arrived at the terminal of the line and burned it. By the time the third car had gone up in smoke the police arrived, but no arrests were made, and no redress was demanded by the tram company. The following day, suburbanites found service improved fifty per cent.

But neighborhood noises, such as we fuss about when they harrow taut nerves, they accept with patient and kindly tolerance. A gay party next door, with a ten-piece orchestra playing all night, brings no appeal to the police for quiet to make

sleep possible. In fact, there is no city ordinance to warrant police interference in such cases. Men going sleepless to work the following morning manage to muddle through until the two-hour noon period when they have their regular *sesta*, or nap. Everyone goes home at noon to eat, and scarcely less to sleep. Only by living in the tropics can one appreciate the heavy eyelids of midday, and that ineffable luxury, complete relaxation in the daily *sono breve*. It sweetens and brightens one's mind and body like a cooling draught of the elixir of life.

Amusements and recreation for Brazil's middle class were, and still are to a great extent, attuned to the tastes and preferences of the younger people—more so than they are with us in the United States. The quiet of middle life rests more naturally on the heads of those past forty; theirs are the ageless enjoyments of appreciation, rather than the transitory pleasures of participation. The only diversion that embraces and ministers to all classes alike is music. Brazilians are as brimming with music as the Italians, and they probably have individualized their compositions with greater national feeling and unity of style and expression than any other people of the new world. And as everywhere else, most of this creative talent springs from the upper middle classes. In the days when extravagances prevailed, the *Theatro Municipal* in Rio gave the middle class the best that was brought from Europe by practically giving away gallery seats, whereas exorbitant prices were charged for loges and boxes and even the dress circle.

In contrast to the dazzling regattas of Gloria Bay, where the pulchritude of society splashed gaiety and color in the grandstands and pavilions along the shore, the Leme beach was the quiet rendezvous for the you-and-I who used to take ham sandwiches, deviled eggs and jelly cake to the beach for a picnic and swim. Here at Leme, however, the women sat in the refreshment pavilion while the men went swimming. The men

undressed in portable *cabanas* set out on the sand, and even then wore bathrobes to and from the water, and joined the women only after they were fully dressed again. There was never more than a mere sprinkling of people here. It was too unpretentious to attract the rich, and too exclusive to attract the poor and too far away from their part of the city. Anyway, the poor saw nothing in sport to excel the pleasure of idleness—just the joy of lying all day in the cool shade of a patulous *Casuarina* tree.

A few middle-class young men, not the majority by any means, used to go to the horse races and the *pelota* games of the wealthy. Yet even the wealthy patronized these sports only indifferently, for they found their chief diversions in European capitals, where they vied with their Spanish cousins from the Argentine in extravagant spending. At Monte Carlo no one laid heavier stakes on the tables than the Brazilians; at Long-champs their women were the best dressed; and at Marguery's they demanded the finest foods and wines. Once at home again they lived quietly, if elegantly, exciting little envy from the minority middle-class and performing their Christian duties toward the unfortunate and afflicted.

*Pelota* attracted the rich only because of the attendant betting. It could pull a spectator out of his seat even without the betting, yet this excitement was an integral part of the game. Teams of exhibition players—five in each team, with the necessary reserves—were often brought up from Argentine and Uruguay, for the playing required equally as much professional skill as our national sport of baseball, and the players were equally well paid.

*Pelota* is an indoor game and only one man plays at a time, each following the other in lightninglike succession. The *pelotar* carries, attached to his wrist, a curved basketlike bat about three feet long, which is called a *cesta*. With this, he bats

the hard gutta-percha ball from one end of the room to the other, and to catch the ball in this basket on the rebound without turning his body is one of the very clever plays.

Playing is so fast and so furious that even with the most careful attention one can easily miss a close score, and disputes frequently follow decisions of the judges. It is on these occasions that betting rises to a high tide of excitement, and it is not alone the affluent who find themselves wagering more than modest sums on a favorite player. The players, dressed in silk blouses, bright-colored wide belts, and knee pants—men of magnificent physique and muscles of steel—have all the masculine glamour of toreadors, minus their cruelty.

I was reared on the principle that gambling is a sin. For those who call it a sin, I presume it is; but accepting the challenge of chance is a universal indulgence. Perhaps God was the first to take a chance when He created man. And who is to say that the great game of courting luck is not a legitimate diversion for those isolated from other forms of amusement. Life must have some thrills to quicken the blood that otherwise would grow sluggish. The man who thrills to the stars in the heavens, or the sight of majestic mountains, or the breathtaking beauty of a master painting, gets the same nerve-tingling joy as I saw on the face of a man as he drew a lottery ticket with five sevens. He looked the way I felt when I first beheld the magic white stars of the Southern Cross.

And it is a strange psychological, or perhaps psychogenic, twist of character that makes a man thrill all through the day with the hope of winning a stake on the ticket he bought with his morning newspaper. When you see him homeward bound on the tram, his face buried in the columns of winning numbers, his hopes are blasted in ten minutes, which means he had fed on hope almost as many hours as he fed on minutes of disappointment, which is not a mean ratio. Samuel Johnson



once declared: "The natural flights of the human mind are not from pleasure to pleasure, but from hope to hope."

The state lottery of Brazil was instituted by Dom Pedro I as a means of raising money for charity. The Emperor was a frugal spender, for his resources were limited, and he could not match the lavish giving of the wealthy Brazilians; yet his position demanded that he lead off with a liberal donation, so the lottery saved embarrassments all around. The government still conducts this official lottery, and school children are selected by lot for the honor of making the drawings. Besides this one there are many privately owned throughout the republic. On the street corners and in the entrances to public buildings, there are small cagelike compartments where tickets are sold and winning ones redeemed.

People were most fond of the *bicho*, or animal lottery, and bought their tickets on carefully calculated hunches. If you dreamed of a goat you bought a goat ticket, or if in your first waking seconds you heard a rooster crow, you bought a cock ticket; if you had no hunch of your own, you could canvass the family for a likely tip. A prancing white mule, or a sleek bull were considered the most likely winners. But encountering a black cat, however sleek and happy, put a jinx on the best of dream omens of luck, and meant that no lottery ticket would be purchased that day.

As for gambling, the elaborate gaming attractions of Copacabana in Rio did not come into being until the first world war cut off travel by the wealthy to Europe. Previously the only casino of importance was at Guarujá, on São Vicente Beach, across the island from the city of Santos. But this was closed to those of modest means—not by law, but by the generally accepted ethics that a man was a fool to gamble with money he could not afford to lose.

I saw a young man—not a Brazilian, however—lose all the



money he had one night at Guarujá. Every time the dextrous croupier raked in his losses, his face became paler and more drawn. At last, his pockets turned out and a mirthless grin on his face, he canvassed those near by for a loan. His requests were scorned in silence.

The following morning the casino manager sent for this foolish young man and presented him with a check for the amount he had lost, exacting a promise from him that he'd never again visit the casino.

"You made yourself ridiculous among my guests," he said with fatherly kindness, "and until money is worth no more to you than a bag of glass marbles, you are to stay away from my casino. And, if you are wise, from every other casino."

It was an effective method of dampening the gambling ardor of us middle-class folk who venture beyond our realms of provident frugality.

Perhaps no other factor in the world has contributed so much toward changing the basis for middle-class contentment as the motorcar. The era of contentment that I found on my first visit to Brazil had not been penetrated by the expensive French automobiles that were being brought back by the wealthy visitors to Europe. Motorcars were regarded as superlative examples of luxury, and it was enough for middle-class people to gaze at them in admiration and wonder.

With each car brought back by the Brazilians came a French chauffeur and a mechanic, the latter doubling for footman on formal occasions. These conveyances were imposing substitutes for the state equipages which, drawn by aristocratic sleek white mules (the very acme of equine grace and elegance), were white carriages, with doors ornamented with the same color as the trimmings on the harness. They were far more decorative than any motorcar.

There were, during those first years, no cast-off cars for sale to middle-class buyers. Maintenance was too expensive. So they were used as taxicabs, which meant that they were still exclusively used by the wealthy. Motor busses had not yet reached South America.

During these years our motorcar industry was vainly trying for an opening in the Brazilian market by introducing a cheaper car than those twenty-thousand-dollar models from France. Brazilians were not looking for cheaper cars. Money was no consideration for the man who could buy a car. Style, quality, and absolute reliability were what he wanted. The French car met his demands. We used to think that the failure of some intricate mechanism on a bumpy country road was high adventure, and told and retold the story with glee, but the Brazilian motorist looked upon such a mishap as highly embarrassing, so the French gave their best in skill to these discriminating customers.

A young motor salesman whom I knew received the full impact of this discrimination when he brought five United States cars to Rio. They were the best of that day. One was a special high-powered model, the others were cheaper, run-of-the-factory cars. No one in Rio would even look at them. A month of futile effort left him discouraged and beaten. The evening before his scheduled departure for New York, he said to me:

"I've a few gallons of gas in the big car. Let's ride on the Avenida Beira Mar and use it up."

Because there was no speed limit (nor is there yet), and because he was in a reckless state of mind, he circled the brightly illuminated bay boulevard at ninety miles an hour, passing every other car in the regular evening motoring throng. The uniformed French chauffeurs attempted to race him. He left them with ease. Young men in the tonneaus tried to

hail him. He refused to stop. He sold the car the following morning and took orders for three more. But they still would not look at his cheaper cars.

Our trade remained meager until the first world war cut off European contacts; and by this time, too, we had realized that careless or questionable business methods had been one of our chief deterrents in Brazilian trade. Our business increased as soon as we understood and acted on the special requirements of Brazilian trade. With impetus gained during the war our sales mounted steadily until, in the late '20s, our Fords and Chevrolets were outnumbering the Renaults and Citroens, and Delages and Panhards were struggling to keep pace with Packards and Cadillacs; yet for state occasions nothing surpassed the Hispano Suiza.

Now, of course, the situation is tragic for European cars. The 1940 figures for registered cars in the city of Recife, with a population of about 400,000, showed 1,438 United States cars against 100 for all European makes. These figures included all cars, not alone new ones; in fact, there were comparatively few new ones.

The following comparison is irresistible: French 37; German, 44; British, 3; and Italian, 16. Of United States cars, there were: Fords, 320; Chevrolets, 550; Buicks, 42; Dodges, 41; Chryslers, 35; De Sotos, 14; Plymouths, 27; Cadillacs, 5; La Salles, 9; Oldsmobiles, 55; Pontiacs, 59; Lincoln Zephyrs, 9; Grahams, 64; Hudsons, 58; Willys, 32; Nashes, 6; Terraplanes, 19; Packards, 25; Lafayettes, 3; Hupmobiles, 5; and Studebakers, 60.

There is no need to comment upon who is buying these cars, and it isn't far amiss to surmise that the middle class is rapidly putting itself on cushioned wheels.

But until the crisis of World War II, we were not doing so well with many other kinds of merchandise. We failed to ap-

preciate the difference between our own markets and those of the tropics. This shortsightedness has cost us millions of dollars in South American trade, to say nothing of respect for our business methods which, in many cases, overlooked the Brazilians' special requirements.

For example, there was the Rio de Janeiro merchant who bought a generous order of crackers from an American salesman. The crackers were to be packed in tin, a necessary precaution in the tropics. They arrived in the usual pasteboard cartons and were stale when opened. Quite naturally, the merchant, catering to the best Rio trade, went back to the "biscuits" from Edinburgh, always crisp and fresh in their airtight tin boxes.

Then there was the Rua Ouvidor merchant who ordered men's collars from a United States firm with the specific provision that they were to have the sizes marked in centimeters. They came marked in inches. He sold the entire lot to a vendor for almost nothing.

Another salesman came down from New York representing one of our very best manufacturers, whose merchandise is known all over the world for its high quality. An Avenida Rio Branco merchant gave him an order for approximately fifty thousand dollars, with the provision he should have the exclusive sale of the product for Rio de Janeiro and its environs. The proviso was written into the contract. Yet this salesman placed another order for less than one-tenth this amount with a rival merchant in Rio. The fifty-thousand-dollar order was cancelled by cable before it even reached New York.

These were not rare cases in days gone by, and although we have progressed in appreciation and understanding since President Hoover made his meritorious official visit, we have some distance to cover still.

Brazil's middle class is feeling the impact of modernity. Already the strictly "homey" life has deteriorated. Instead of the precious evening leisure, there is too often the rush to keep social appointments outside the home. Night clubs and gay restaurants have been made available to those of modest means; many have gone to live in small apartments; the cinema is a devastating distraction; the radio has opened a new world with rampant interests; and the quick tempo that is ours is tending to dispel the old-world idealism that was nurtured so fondly by generations of aristocratic people. Let us hope, however, that this quality is not vanishing, but merely going underground for a time, and that it will live to preserve the Brazilians from too complete a preoccupation with the material things of the world. The leisure and sense of security which their quiet home life provided so generously, nourished their diplomats, their scientists, and their poets; and both Brazil and the United States need the contributions of such men quite as much as markets.



## CHAPTER VII

### *COUNTRY AND VILLAGE*

**I**N COUNTRY LIFE the change is not so decidedly marked, although a change is on the way. However, in the fascinating back country, one feels it is not inevitable this year or that year, or even in this or that decade. Time seems that preciously slow on the land. The people are so untouched by the hard lash of modernity, that the fine art of simple living still prevails.

It requires nimble mental gymnastics to grasp Brazilian geography. The country is big and very diverse in products and natural resources. Variety in climate and topography makes feasible many different industries, and each industry draws different types of people. There is even greater variety in these differences in Brazil than there is in the United States, chiefly because our length is from east to west, and entirely in the temperate zone, whereas Brazil's length is from north to south. The country reaches from well north of the Equator to well below the Tropic of Capricorn and into the South Temperate Zone, giving Brazil's southern states a climate comparable to that of our South.

There was no luxurious traveling by motorcar in the country in 1911. There is not much yet, except between the large cities where huge expenditure for road-building has been warranted. Off the main highways, people still ride horseback. It was by horseback that I saw the countryside, with its quiet villages, that had once been the pride of wealthy Brazil. Now it reflects only memories of a powerful baronial life that might have continued until the present time had not impulsive Princess Isabel freed

the slaves in such a manner as to disrupt completely the whole economic system of farms and farming, and literally fling to the four winds the wealth that the *fazendeiros* had put into their vast plantations.

Brazilian abolitionists were active during all the years of our Civil War. Many plans for freeing the slaves were considered, but the years went by and none came to fruition. Then Viscount de Rio Branco, a brilliant statesman who was later Minister to Washington, drafted a unique law freeing the unborn babies of slave mothers. The measure was called *A Lei do Ventre Livre*, meaning literally the Law of the Free Belly. It was hailed as a great victory for humanity and was passed by the Brazilian Senate in 1878—thirteen years after our slaves were freed.

Rio Branco was acclaimed by the people in a triumphal parade through the streets of Rio. Riding in an open carriage drawn by the cream-colored mules used for all state equipages at that time, the Viscount was showered with flowers. The Ambassador from the United States ran into the street and, snatching up an armful of flowers, shouted to Rio Branco:

"I am going to send these to my country to show them how slaves are freed without bloodshed!"

Gladstone called Viscount de Rio Branco the "model of kings," and Darwin said all men owed respect to him. Yet ten years later *A Lei do Ventre Livre* was thrown into the discard—and the country into economic panic, as the *fazenda* help went singing off to the cities to become public charges, when Princess Isabel signed the order for their immediate freedom.

When the Negroes, hysterical with happiness, reached the cities, they were rudely surprised to learn that they were expected to earn their own living. Why, they asked, should not

the wealthy *fazendeiros* still care for them? Had they not worked for nothing on his plantations? When, with very few exceptions, they could not be induced to return and harvest the wasting crops of coffee, rice, beans, and sugar cane for a daily wage besides their living, they were given the opportunity to return to Africa. Even with fare paid by the Brazilian government, only a few took advantage of this offer, and many of these drifted back again to the happier life in Brazil.

What a different countryside I would have found in these endlessly undulating hills of the State of Rio de Janeiro had Viscount Rio Branco's fine gesture not been thwarted. The importation of slaves had long since been forbidden by law; not, however, from any humanitarian motive, but as the result of Brazil's first scourge of yellow fever in 1849. This ravaging disease, hitherto unknown in Brazil, was brought across the Atlantic in a decimated cargo of African Negroes. What swift retribution for the guilty! What terror for the innocent!

Post-slavery years in Brazil were not comparable to ours. There were no devastated lands to restore; there were no bleeding wounds of disunion to heal; no families decimated of men—blue as well as gray—to wait with tortured hearts for a new generation to grow up and assume economic responsibilities. Perhaps this very absence of unhappiness, together with the Latin temperament, is what has permeated Brazil's whole social structure and given tolerance to a condition that they recognize and accept as ineradicable.

One of the questions most often asked me about Brazil is: "What about the mixture of races?"

When one has travelled extensively in the great tropic belt of the world and its adjacent countries, one has no opinion. It is not an issue of which one can approve or disapprove. It is what *is*. If we have messed up God's plan to keep the races separate and thrown destiny off course, it is for us to work



Paquetá Island





Residential Rio spreads out among her hills



a way out. In this, Brazil has met the situation with philosophy and grace and seems less troubled than anyone else.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Portugal sent men out to the new colony to promote agricultural projects with Indian labor. They sent no women, so the men took the comely Indian girls as wives. The Indians were too proud to work as slave laborers and rebelled. It was then that Negroes were imported from Africa, both men and women. It was quite logical that the "Caboclos" (the Portuguese-Indian half-castes) should marry among the Negroes. Consequently from this lowly beginning has grown the complex mixture that prevails today, building upward from the working classes over the centuries as education and opportunities permitted.

Of the total population a recent survey showed Caucasians 60 per cent; Mulattos (Negro and Caucasian) 20 per cent; Caboclos (Caucasian and Indian) 10 per cent; Negroes 8 per cent, and Indians 2 per cent. It is estimated that there are about 36 million inhabitants who have some mixture of Caucasian blood in their veins.

In a world demanding the highest skill, talent and ability are coming to be more important than any discrimination against the color of a man's skin. Yet blending the talents of the races need have no bearing on fusing the races in marriage. An educated, ambitious Negro wants an educated Negro woman for a wife. The higher his education, the higher his place in his own social sphere, especially when he knows that all avenues of advancement are open to him, and there is no struggling upstream to hinder his career.

Brazil's Dr. André Rebouças, for instance, is a prominent construction engineer. It was he who built the difficult railway across the swamps and up the mountains from Paranagua to Curitiba. Souza Cruz is recognized as one of Brazil's most talented poets. And Dr. José do Patrocínio is a statesman

ranking among the most astute and eloquent in the entire Republic.

It is true that friendships between men of all races are born and nurtured in many close associations. In the army and navy young men in their formative years are thrown together for long periods; as also in trades and professions and in schools and universities. Occasionally these bonds are too strong to be broken at the threshold of a doorway.

In social affairs of state there is absolutely no color discrimination, and a Negro senator from the north, with his well-dressed, quiet-mannered, and usually very handsome, dusky wife, mingles without reserve with the Caucasian representatives from southern states; while on the Senate floor some of the most brilliant oratory comes from dark-skinned men of fiery zeal.

It is only in unofficial social affairs, small family parties and receptions, that one sees no mixing. These events are strictly private, without obligation to the public and, without being offensive, the aristocracy of Brazil can be exclusive to the ultimate degree. Behind the ornate, hand-wrought iron gates that buckle together the high brick walls that surround the homes of the wealthy, families live in complete seclusion. It makes no difference whether the gates open upon a busy residential thoroughfare in a great metropolis or on a cobblestoned village street, the feudal detachment from the world remains complete.

Returning to the countryside from which we have wandered, the abandoned lands of slave days are sparsely settled, and poor roads—or no roads at all—turn miles into leagues and defy any attempt at casual neighborliness. Yet by that mysterious word that travels among an isolated people they soon learned that there was a stranger in their midst. Not many people come to

visit in the country, especially not *senhorinas* from a far-away land. So my senior brother began receiving invitations, carried by barefooted boys over the hills, to bring his sister for visits of a day, a week, as long as I "would find pleasure to remain."

Distances were nothing, as we motor-minded people think of miles, but aside from easy cantering in the cool hours of very early morning and late evening, horses never could be urged off a walk. Most of the time we would be sweating through the steaming orchid-hung, vine-matted forest, occasionally topping a sun-blistered ridge. We forded streams where the horses had to swim; and we crossed swaying suspension bridges across which the white stallion that my senior brother rode had to act as pilot to my Argentine horse. There were steep rocky slopes where the horses had to set their feet and slide, and there were places where we had to dismount and let them struggle up slick moss-grown banks.

Many old roads were nothing more than trails, along which we went single file. Bushes and trees, crowding across, were laced together with vines—that curse of the tropics everywhere. In some places, the growth was so dense we had to send men ahead to hack a way through. From the tangle of deep greens splashed with the vivid reds, purples, and the gorgeous flame color of orchids and birds, we would emerge on an open hillside—a waving field of tall, coarse grass that the wind sent into billowy undulations.

The horses, their breathing stifled in the dank mat, filled their lungs with draughts of cool, dry air, while we drank in the lovely view of the valley below, and loosened our tight collars to the breeze. For the forest provides distraction in the form of a small brown tick. We could not quite lose ourselves in contemplation of the beauties of the virgin forest because we knew that, in spite of snug collars and high leggings, we were going to pick up a few of these *carrapatos*.

Their multiple legs inspire a degree of creepiness corresponding to the temperamental qualities of the victim. To me, they are loathsome. They breed on the leaves of undergrowth, a hundred in a bunch, and easily brush off on one's clothing. Once on the clothing, they seem to know just where to find the nearest flesh, and in biting they bury their heads under the skin. Their bite is only slightly poisonous, and friction rubs them off as they become inflated, but the resultant itching very nearly drives one mad. Each bite leaves a red mark the size of a dime; if one scratches this and breaks the skin, there often develops an open sore, which can be serious if one's blood is not healthy.

On one of these horseback trips, we went to the group of deserted houses that was once the thriving little village of Cacaria. The houses are in the usual form of a quadrangle, with an open court in the center. On the side opposite the entrance is the usual small cathedral. In the belfry still hang the bells that tolled the passing of the entire village from an epidemic of yellow fever, silent now in their mouldy arches.

As we rode into the weed-grown courtyard, the commotion of our coming brought a single little black face to the window of one of the houses. One look from his white-walled eyes, and he was gone. No amount of friendly calling in native Portuguese brought him back. Grown people in the vicinity say the place is haunted and shun it; they say the bells in the cathedral toll at unearthly hours when no hand has touched the bell rope, and no foot has left a track in the dust on the narrow stairs. No positive statements from us would persuade them that we had seen a flesh-and-blood face at any window. It only proved that the place *was* haunted.

It was the tragedy of Cacaria, and other towns also wiped out, that prompted Dr. Oswaldo Cruz to isolate the germ-carrying mosquito. His work here was contemporaneous with the work



of the United States in Panama and Cuba. All through the swampy areas of Brazil, "mosquito squads" still patrol sluggish streams and lake shores, searching out breeding waters and pouring kerosene on suspected pools. Everyone knows the distinguishing marks of the *Stegomyia fasciata*, the yellow fever mosquito, and its bite is feared more than the bite of a snake. The female is the more dangerous.

Many of the Portuguese-Brazilians of the second generation who have remained on the land, farming indolently with meager Negro help, betray the lack of education and cultural advantages, but among the older folks there is dignity and refinement and unbounded hospitality.

Not far from this ghost-village of Cacaria, we came to the home of a Portuguese storekeeper who still makes a precarious living selling to the scattered families in the hills round about. His wife came running out with excited greetings and embraced and kissed me as I dismounted. She took me into the cool parlor of her vine-covered house. There she knelt at my knees and wept for the joy of seeing a white woman—and I wept for her loneliness.

She spoke no English, and my laborious Portuguese fails me utterly under emotional stress, so we laughed together as her husband and my brother translated two ways at once in dizzying confusion of tongues. Would that the sons of Noah never had built a tower on the plains of Shinar!

A grandmother now, she had come to this house as a bride from Portugal. The furniture was what they had brought when her husband had come here to take a position as superintendent of a *fazenda*. She showed me photographs of all the family, and of the house of her father, one that I had passed many times without knowing it on the road from Lisbon to Cintra. That, so lately, I had been along this road brought on another emotional attack of quiet weeping. Realizing that



such joys can be fatal, I asked her to tell me about her flowers.

As we walked in her garden, I saw, in the kitchen built apart from the house, a stout black woman slap-slapping, slap-slapping across the dirt floor in her bare feet. Over an old Roman-style, built-in stove of brick and clay, she would stop to stir in a big iron kettle what smelled mighty like *feijoada completa*. With my horseback-riding appetite, I hoped it might be near the end of the four-hour process of cooking.

This national dish is not available to the tourist who stops for a few days at a fashionable hotel. The fact is, I've never seen it on the menu of a city restaurant. It consists of black beans cooked with pork, either fresh or cured, smoked tongue, jerked beef, sausage, and bacon. Not a great amount of these different meats is used—just enough to give flavor; and it is well spiced, but not hot with pepper. It is served with plenty of liquor, to which is added a generous sprinkling of browned *mandioca* flour that has been scalded in fresh butter. It makes a wholesome and healthy meal when served with a light vegetable such as *chu-chu*, a small squash.

Beyond the impression of a riot of color, my memory of that garden is slightly hazy; but not so the memory of that midday meal! No dinner at famous gastronomic palaces of the world ever tasted better. The table set in the patio, the two smiling Negro girls swishing sedately at flies, the jug of home-made wine, cool from the cellar, the kindly hospitality, the beatified stillness of the country, broken only by the familiar calls and cackles of farm animals and poultry—all are unforgettable.

For dessert we had homemade cheese, *goiabada*, a hard guava marmalade, and *fios de ovos* (threads of eggs) made with sugar and grated coconut. All this was topped with tiny cups of black coffee, made to exact specifications. What a

tragedy life would be had we been created without a sense of taste!

Farther out in the back country, we found one of the gaunt remainders of the beautiful homes of days gone by. From a road knee-high in grass, a double row of tall royal palms led up a slope in a graceful curve to the house, ending under a rotting porte-cochere. Scarcely more than the frame of the large two-story house was standing, but it was enough to show the classic lines of Moorish architecture and give an idea of its original pretentiousness.

Weeds were growing through the floor boards of the enormous rooms downstairs. Upstairs the walls of many of the small rooms were lying flat, or standing drunkenly against each other. Windows everywhere are half screened with lacy tendrils of vines, like fingers held in front of old eyes to soften the shame of adversity.

Even with the wild riot of weeds and bushes, one could see, down the gentle slopes of front and sides, the landscaping of walks and terraces. And in the rear were the wrecks of stables, and rows and rows of slave quarters with their tumbling walls of mud in bamboo frames built around floors of hard earth. The thatched roofs were long ago rotted and gone. The only things of the past that lived were the fresh green leaves at the tops of the hundred-feet-high royal palms. There was a hurt in my heart that these trees still stand to escort the guest to the great mansion where once a genial *fazendeiro* and his family extended true Brazilian hospitality.

I wished very much to go to a big cattle *fazenda*, and I wanted very much to see a diamond being dug out of the warm earth. I didn't see either. I was invited to visit a cattle ranch. I thrilled with the prospect of seeing the vast herds of fine cattle that had been developed from recently imported thoroughbred stock; I thrilled with the thought of long hours

in the saddle and, most of all, as always in the great open country, I thrilled with the thought of the quiet mystery of nightfall, when day is folded up and laid away in the past. Nightfall, with all its mystic, contemplative beauty, is entirely lost to those of us who live in cities. Approaching darkness is associated wholly with an electric light switch.

It was the evening before I was to leave for the *fazenda*. Some men had come in from the ranch, and I was to return with them. We had finished dinner and were sitting in the patio, having coffee. Conversation naturally turned to different phases of *fazenda* life. I was inwardly purring with anticipation. Tomorrow at this time I would be a part of the glorious and romantic life of the *fazendeiro* and the *vaqueiro*!

These men had ridden in with a herd of cattle to a near-by shipping point. They began telling incidents of the long trek. A young man, nephew of one of the owners, told of the difficulty of fording a stream. The cattle milled around, bawled, and plunged back from the river bank; though the stream was shallow, not one of the animals could be forced to cross. At last they saw the reason. Lying quietly on the opposite bank was a giant cobra ("Cobra" in Portuguese means any kind of a snake. In this instance, I presume it was a boa constrictor.)

The cattle had smelled the snake. Two *vaqueiros* came up, cut out a young heifer and forced her across. The heifer, snorting with fright, was driven up on the bank. The snake leaped for her and thrust its huge coils around her body, preparatory to crushing her bones before swallowing her whole. A snake has to tense its muscles before a shot will take effect. So as soon as the reptile was coiled, one of the *vaqueiros* shot the thing. The heifer was released unhurt.

Another man told of a time when a cobra about twelve feet long got a steer by the nose and, as it swallowed the head, it

wrapped itself around the body to crush the bones. At this horrible juncture the *vaqueiros* shot the snake and pulled the steer's head out of its mouth by unhooking the fangs. After a few hours, the animal showed no ill effects of its harrowing experience.

Still another told of a man who was sitting fishing on the bank of a stream when suddenly a cobra fastened its fangs in the calf of his leg. With supreme presence of mind, he dug his thumbs into the snake's eyes as it threw a coil around his body. The flesh was being literally torn off the bones of his leg. He was pulled into deeper and deeper water. The snake, thrashing about, was blinding him with muddy water. The coil was growing so tight he scarcely could breathe. Deeper and deeper he dug his thumbs into the reptile's eyes. When his strength was all but gone, and he was on the verge of giving up the battle of horror, he felt the coils gradually loosening. With his last atom of strength, he ripped the fangs out of the flesh of his leg and flung himself out of reach of the lashing cobra.

And so the stories went on and on through the remainder of the evening! I tried to be inattentive without being rude, to think of beauty and grandeur, of St. Paul's Cathedral and the Grand Canyon, of Alaska's glaciers, and of palm-fronded beaches in Samoa—all to no avail. My judgment of the Creator's handiwork was severely critical. My stomach had turned upside down, and I had no response whatever from my salivary glands.

In my room I tried to find solace in the Holy Bible. I didn't even improve my knowledge of the Scriptures, for although I read the whole of Revelation, I could not remember enough even to germinate a solacing thought. The following morning I did not have to fabricate an excuse for not leaving for the cattle ranch with the men. I was ill.



However, I did later visit a cattle ranch farther south, out of range of the boa constrictors, although not of other breeds of snakes. The invitation came so shyly from a young *fazendeiro* and his bride—one of those invitations that are extended truly from the heart. It made any excuse about being afraid of snakes seem paltry and feeble, and perhaps not quite sincere.

The house was a temporary structure; their permanent home was to be built when time and funds permitted. It was perched on posts about two feet high, which made a fine shelter from the sun and rain for their four dogs.

I asked as casually as possible if the dogs kept the snakes away.

"Oh, mostly," replied my host, equally casual, "except when they're off hunting, which is almost every night."

The four large rooms, the wide porch on all sides, the comfortable furnishings, and the pleasant company were all one could ask for in a country home. I was given a good horse and the three of us spent many happy hours in the saddle. At least I was happy until I would remember with sickening fear the little house at the bottom of the garden in a concealing wilderness of shrubbery. The fact that I did not encounter a snake is my assurance that the Lord answers prayer, although I must confess I depended a lot on my flashlight.

My ambition to hobnob with the *garimpeiros*, the independent diamond prospectors, was thwarted also by my fear of snakes. Students of nature tell me that fear of wild things draws them to one in antagonism. So I imagine that every snake within a wide radius is slithering toward me with murder in his glassy eyes. Brazilian diamonds are found along old river beds, and on the sides of mountains; not in mines as in Africa, although Africa is no less cursed with snakes than is Brazil, or the United States, for that matter.

Five states share in diamond production: Minas Geraes,



Baía, Goyaz, Paraná, and Mato Grosso. The first named leads in quantity because it has two large production areas; to the north in the valleys of the Jequitinhonha and Arassuai, and others in a number of smaller valleys in the west, including the famous Estrela do Sul bed. It was here that the diamond Star of the South, named for the bed, was found in 1854. Then *Estrela de Minas* (Star of Minas), and the famous green Dresden Diamond were found here, and very recently, the largest one ever found, which weighs seven hundred and fifty carats. It was named for Brazil's President—the Getulio Vargas Diamond—and it was purchased by a European trust. At Amsterdam it was appraised at five hundred thousand dollars.

I have seen several large stones before they were cut. Even in the rough state, they are impressive with their wealth of hidden lights, and it is not difficult to see them in imagination after a lapidary has cut their myriad prisms and facets. The white and blue stones found in Brazil have an amazing radiance. It was one of these that I wanted to pick out of the warm, soft earth; for then, wearing it, I could look into the brilliance that a million years had created, and say to my fascinated and admiring self, "This gem of purest beauty came from the rubble of the Valley of Jequitinhonha, or the Arassuai, or the Abaete of the west."

Prophetic genius shines through *The Lusíadas*, the epic poem of the Portuguese by Luiz Vaz de Camões. Although this classic was written between the years 1560 and 1570, and diamonds in Brazil were not discovered until 1727, Camões writes these lines in Canto X, beginning with verse 139:

See there another world, which from the north  
Extends itself to the opposed pole,  
And shall be one day proud to have brought forth  
The ore that imitates the beams of Sol!

Certainly nature swung to extremes in Brazil, perhaps in atonement for the plenteousness of reptiles; for if one lifts his eyes off the earth's steaming jungles to look skyward, he can gaze in brief moments of rapture on the great white herons—these kings and queens of birdlife. In easy swoops, from the topmost branches of the tallest trees, they launch themselves in aerial grandeur. With widespread wings silently flapping in majestic effortless movements, long legs held neatly rearward and feet folded into loose balls, they soar off into the azure like ethereal messengers of peace. I never saw them fly except in pairs, the male usually half a length in the lead—no doubt just far enough to enable his plainer mate to see his softly streaming neck plumage.

Brazil now protects the egret, but like us, she waited until commercial hunters threatened their extinction before she legislated against the slaughter. The grand dame of a generation ago had to have a generous bunch of these creamy white egret feathers in her opera toque of gold or silver lace. For gala attire, they were as necessary as diamonds, and very nearly as expensive.

With the bright-plumaged birds that flit about in the low branches, and the orchids that trail up through the trees, the dense green canopy of the mat never lacks color. The brilliant green, red, and yellow of the birds splash across the more subdued orchid colors like swift strokes of an unseen painter's brush—colors as subdued as old tapestry, tints of brick and coppery red against shades of purple that run from deep royals through the reddish tones to the daintiest lavenders and shell pinks; they trail off in such elusive grays and mauves that only the practiced eye can pick them out of the varied shades of green.

But the orchids have no scent, and the birds rarely have songs. Most have a shrill cry when they are in flight, and they

all keep up a twittering chatter that never ceases from dawn to dark, sometimes scolding, sometimes gay, but continuous and animated. The one exception that I found is the rather exclusive *sabiá*, the nightingale of Brazil. It is like our thrush, plain and friendly and always inquisitive, and this last characteristic is its undoing. Boys lure them into small cages and sell them to bird vendors in town. It takes a long time for them to sing again in captivity—a long time to cease beating their bruised wings against their cages. I never could hear happiness in their imprisoned songs.

Many of these pitifully frightened captives I have bought from smiling, barefooted boys whom I have met on country roads. Cage and captive they gladly sell for a milreis, about fifteen cents, then once around a bend in the road, I would release the bird and demolish the fragile cage, making the three of us happy—the boy, the bird, and me.

In the country where roads are merely a track, one learns to love the small horses from central Brazil. They have an easy gait and are sure-footed on the slippery trails that are ribbed with protruding roots. And they are fairly hardy, considering the indifferent care they receive, and the almost total lack of grain in feeding. At the end of a day's work, they are turned out to forage for their food, no matter how poor the pasturage.

Nature apparently tries to make amends for man's neglect and provides a remedy for all equine ills. This medicine is *capim cheiros*, or sweet hay, and horses will travel many miles to a field of the tall grass, if they are suffering from any indisposition. It has a fragrance so strong that the scent carries on the wind across four or five ridges of hills. The grass has somewhat the odor of the citronella grass of Malaya, which leaves miles of fragrance behind as the Malayan boys carry it down from the hills in huge sheaves. The citronella grass of

Malaya, however, is almost waist high and the *capim cheiro* of Brazil is but eight or ten inches high, and much finer in the texture of the blade.

In the stock-raising states of southern Brazil, the horses are larger, as they are in Paraguay and Uruguay. They have to be big, strong animals to carry the big tall *vaqueiros* of the south, who prefer to be called *gauchos* and who are really a race of giants. They are a mixture of the Tupy and Tapuya Indians of south Brazil and the Paraguayan Indians, with some blood from the Bororos. These Bororos are reckoned to be the tallest people in the world, the men averaging six feet and four inches in height. Reputed to be of Patagonian descent, they now live in the states of Mato Grosso and Goyaz, and scientists are wondering if they are not really sons of the lost continent of Atlantis. These strong strains of blood absorbed almost to extinction that of early Spanish colonists so far as physical characteristics are concerned, yet the Spanish strains of will and intelligence are most marked. It was the Jesuit priests who taught them to fight in self-defense against the invading Spanish and Portuguese, and they are still good fighters.

Horses were just beginning to turn the Brazilian's preference away from the aristocratic ass and the more hardy mule when the motorcar took precedence over both. But out in the back country of central Brazil the slim-legged, trim-bodied asses and mules still outnumbered the horses two to one, perhaps more. The asses come from the best European stock, and fresh blood is continually being imported.

In sections where roads have not yet been built these sure-footed animals come, a hundred or more in a string, tripping along, their dainty feet pattering over the rough stones, or thudding like muffled drum rhythms through the stifling dust, bringing wares and produce to countryside markets. Brazil has humane laws against overloading beasts of burden, but



asses and mules have a law all their own; when they are overloaded they refuse to budge until the load is lightened, as if to say, "Let man-made laws protect horses and oxen; we'll look after ourselves."

In the hot northern states there are small donkeys that they call *Jericos*. They are sturdy little fellows, scarcely larger than our burros, and seem to stand the heat as well as do our docile long-eared friends of Arizona and New Mexico.

In this hot north country, on a Marajó Island *fazenda* which is owned by a woman, there is a breeding farm for the famous Catalan asses. Dona Leopoldina's stock are recognized as the finest in Brazil and are in demand throughout the republic. The Catalan ass comes originally from Sicily. It is small-boned, trim and sleek, intelligent and gentle. A group running in a pasture have a grace comparable to that of thoroughbred horses. Twenty or more of these young asses running toward you, their slender legs flashing, and their inquisitive ears pointing forward, has the effect of lifting you off your feet. It is as if you were facing a double spread of exclamation points.

Ilha Marajó is the largest of the three islands in the gaping, ragged-tongued mouth of the Amazon River. It is approximately the size of the State of Maine, and the sizzling pudding-string of the universe just misses the north shore. Almost in the center of the island, and within the boundaries of Dona Leopoldina's *fazenda*, is an immense lake which breaks the intensity of equatorial heat; but although it possesses merits of comfort and aspects of beauty, it is actually a curse, for the wicked and vicious caymans breed in great numbers along its shores and are a continual menace to livestock. These alligators are not large, but they devour young calves, and frequently cows are found with a leg torn off.

*Vaqueiros* make the hunting of the reptiles their chief sport. By day it is a contest of skill with the rope, as they lasso them



around the jaws. And another contest of skill that requires even more ability and precision is the feat of rushing in to sever the threshing tail and then dispatch the maddened monster by stabbing it in the eye. The long hunting knives used for this display of courage are as sharp as a razor; a thrust ill timed easily could cost a man his life.

Night hunting is less exciting and slightly less dangerous, yet it requires an exacting marksmanship. In small canoes, the hunters disturb the caymans just enough to make them raise their heads; then under the glow of a flashlight the beast's eyes shine in the darkness, and an expert's rifle shot kills him before he is fairly awake.

The entire island lies like a gigantic stranded flounder, with its highest area scarcely twenty feet above sea level. Dense forests of mangrove alternate with open savannas, both cut through with many small streams. From January to June, torrential rains cover the ground to a depth of several feet; then during the dry season, the earth is baked until it is as cracked and brown as a pound cake, and the animals suffer for water. From the minute *bicho do pé* that bores through the skin and sucks your blood, irritating an area the size of a dime and causing the most intense itching, to the blood-curdling boa constrictor that climbs trees and awaits its prey, Ilha Marajó seems to harbor more than its share of nature's curses. Many are killers, and vultures are protected by law as scavengers.

In spite of the handicaps of weather, and pests big, little and all sizes between, Dona Leopoldina has succeeded during the past few years in breeding an unusually hardy strain of cattle by crossing our western stock with the humped, high-bodied cattle of India. This is the same crossbreed that has thrived so remarkably in Fiji.

Throughout Brazil, but especially in the north, new strains of cattle are constantly being developed both for dairy herds

and beef. In the south there still is a preference for such familiar breeds as Aberdeen, Polled Angus, Herefords, and Shorthorns on the vast grazing *fazendas*; but in the north cattlemen have a new breed in the long-eared Indu-Brasil, which at present is outranking the short-eared Nellore. And for an excellent milking strain, the favorite is a cross between the Holstein and the long-eared Gyr. These are handsome animals, gentle and tractable, and are gaining in popularity over the short-eared Brown Swiss hitherto preferred on dairy farms. Brazilians say they like the appearance of the long ears.

In the State of Pernambuco there is a *fazenda* that specializes in raising Thoroughbred race horses, torrid as is the climate, but all of Brazil centers its chief interest in the saddle horse—a horse with a good fast walk and an easy trot. The best of this breed today is the *Crioulo* of Arabian stock. Recently there was organized a Thoroughbred Crioulo Association to bring this strain to even higher standards. However, the men of Minas Geraes insist they have a better horse in their *Campolino*, which still carries the characteristics of its proud Andalusian ancestors. They claim the *Campolino* can outwalk the *Crioulo*, and stand up better in long distances. While in Rio Grande do Sul, cattle men say there is no horse as good as their *Mangalarga*, which can beat any other horse in the country when it comes to traveling over rough grazing lands. He may lack some of the fine points of beauty and bearing, but he is a faithful and hardworking mount for the hard-riding *vaqueiro*.

I was disappointed not to find some one still specializing in breeding Brazil's famous cream-colored asses. These were real equine aristocrats, used in Empire days to draw the royal and state carriages. Breeders say they are not as robust and hardy as their brown brothers, and since the motorcar has usurped their state roles, they have been pushed into the discard. One can easily imagine the fairylike picture of cream

and gold carriages being drawn by six or eight prancing, cream-colored little asses in harness and trappings of cream and gold. Peculiarly fascinating it would be in this tropical setting of varied and vivid colorings, of ornamental architecture, streets lined with exuberant Latin crowds. Streamlined motorcars and streamlined buildings have nothing of attractiveness by comparison. They are but the ashes of the soft beauties of the Renaissance.

One finds, distributed in favorable climates, the world's best breeds of sheep and hogs, all a credit to their progenitors. In every phase of their extensive and diversified stock raising, Brazilian farmers and breeders have the scientific advice and direction of the *Departamento Nacional de Produção Animal* (National Department of Animal Production), which also advises on poultry culture. But the poultrymen, after building up their output to reach the London markets, were hard hit by the loss of Atlantic shipping. So the great flocks of carefully bred White Leghorns and Cochins and Orpingtons and Rhode Island Reds will find their ranks thinned by contributions to the family casserole. I know of no nation in the world that enjoys chicken every day as do the Brazilians. On elaborate menus, it is served as an entree, but more often it is cooked with rice and constitutes the meal, being much more a staple of diet than beef or pork or fish. In the country, it ranks with beans and rice.

I seem always to be getting back to food, but if an army travels on its stomach, as Napoleon declared, so also do people visit on their stomachs. And the only way a traveler can know the people of a country is to visit with them, and the pleasantest way of visiting with them is eating with them. I have always found that the people who make the most of good eating are the happiest and most hospitable. So quite aside from the fact that I have a palate receptive to any good food, including that

from my own kitchen, I like the peculiarly easy and friendly sociability that goes with eating. I like women who give food the high place it deserves in the household, and I like the men who appreciate it.

The Portuguese-Brazilian country women, and those in the small towns, have not much to think about except food and dress—that is, after marriage. Before marriage, the young women think of almost nothing except marriage, and such arts of preparation as learning how to be a capable wife, sewing, cooking, and the varied graces of a hostess. Girls seldom cook—with the exception of making *doces* (sweets) to serve to guests—young men preferred—but they must know how in order to train servants. And servants are so plentiful that they work for a few cruzeiros a week, though it takes two or three to do the work of one. Oftentimes a woman and her daughters will work for scarcely more than the wage of one, but they take into account the fact that they get their own food and a home.

Sewing is the chief occupation of the mothers and daughters of the household. They make everything, usually on small hand-turned sewing machines; often by hand, with the dainty stitches of old-world convents where their grandmothers or their great-grandmothers learned to sew. All the bed linens are hemstitched; the table linens are embroidered, and have insets of lace these women have made themselves, either by crocheting or on a lace pillow. Perhaps they knit, too, but I've never seen any one at it, nor seen the product.

These women form a universally happy group, sitting in the patio with their sewing and lacemaking, gossiping, and gaily picking out the comedies of life and dramatizing homely incidents. If the daughters have beaux, these young gallants supply the subject for most of the talk. Country girls are not crude in their manners. It is just as natural for them to flirt as to breathe. As flirting always brings out feminine graces that



are meant to charm, they are universally charming in manners and looks.

Their chief entertainments are music and dancing. There is nothing else to do, except rarely to see a poor cinema. And when a young man takes a girl to a picture show, he must take her mother, or aunt, who usually sits in the middle, so the lovers may not even hold hands, or whisper sweet nothings. To Brazilian young people, feet were made for dancing; walking is incidental. Most of them play some instrument. If there is a piano in the home almost any of the family, including uncles and aunts and even grandmothers, can sit down and play for an evening of impromptu singing and dancing.

Their songs are like our homely folk songs, sad and joyous, romantic and patriotic; and always there are the sweet songs of a lover's yearning that are sung under barred windows and twinkling stars to the soft strumming of guitars.

Most of the small villages have just one street. The cobblestoned center may be twenty-five or thirty feet wide, with narrow pavements about two feet wide on either side, upon which open directly the solid lines of houses. Seldom are any of the houses more than one story high. Fancy the predicament of a lover when he wishes to serenade his sweetheart: the windows are scarcely more than shoulder high, but no matter how softly he sings and plays there are a score of other windows whose occupants can catch his throbbing melody.

Even in these simple homes, the ethics of courtship are most rigidly observed. It is made a dignified business, this pairing off for life. Not a happenchance affair, with one eye cocked toward the divorce court while the ceremony is being read. Parental supervision may somewhat dim the fervor of romance, but at any rate the flame is still burning brightly at the culmination of the courtship.

In a family of several girls, it is assumed that the eldest will



marry first. So if a young man is in love with the second daughter, or the third, he does not call on the family until the first is out of the way. Nothing ever is said about such a delicate situation; it is simply taken for granted. And Brazil is not the only place where this happens. I know a British family of four girls, in which the eldest has stood in the way of the other three until all are facing spinsterhood.

I don't know how things will come out in this British family, but in Brazil, if the eldest is unattractive, and the parents realize that she is standing in the way of the more attractive younger sisters, they will train her as a teacher, or as a nurse, these being about the only positions open to women in the country. At least they will see that she is not humiliated in the eyes of her friends by simply staying at home and taking care of her sisters' children.

Lovers spend some anxious moments waiting for the younger girls of a family. They can't declare themselves, yet they must remain on guard lest some other aspirant get ahead of them when the favored one is eligible. A young man does not call on the family until he is ready to declare his intentions to the eligible daughter. He pays his initial call with a view of submitting himself as a possible suitor to the parents and uncles and aunts. It is their privilege to invite him again or not. If he is not invited, he knows his has been a forlorn hope, and he seeks elsewhere for a prospective wife.

If he is asked to return, he has the situation in his own hands. He tries not to be too eager to make the second call, provided he has no immediate rival. Yet if he waits too long to make the second call the girl, especially if she has another suitor in the offing, may become piqued and ask her parents to decline to receive the delinquent one for his second call, which is always regarded as a call of declaration. In localities where everyone knows everyone else, these apparently trifling matters

assume prodigious importance. Hurt pride is a hard wound to heal. Feelings of lovers are, oh, so tender!

It is upon the occasion of the second call, or at the latest the third call, that the girl's father has his innings. He probably already knows all about the young suitor for his daughter's hand, but there is the formality of consent, and proper inquiry regarding the young man's financial assets, or prospects. The country fathers are indulgent. They are very generous to their families, although there's no denying that they take most excellent care of themselves as well. They are fastidious in the matter of dress. Always there is a fresh white linen suit in the evening, and often another in the morning. Only rarely does one see now a white-haired patriarch wearing the old *bombachas*, the wide black silk breeches, and the full-sleeved blouse of soft white material.

Half a dozen times a day a daughter, or a granddaughter, will slip away to brew father's *cabaço* of mate. Instead of a plain dried gourd, he probably will have a silver holder for the highly polished *cabaço* (usually about the size of a coffee cup), and he will often have a silver tube through which to suck the *mate*, instead of the ordinary reed *bombicia*. The *bombicia* has a strainer on one end and this is put in the *cabaço* before the sugar and *mate* are put in; so that the tea is sucked up from the bottom of the cup. To see a venerable *fazendeiro* sipping hot *mate* through a silver *bombicia*, his weathered face lightly lined with years of smiling, is a lesson in living.

His son, however, is not very different. He will be a trifle stout, and he is likely to prefer cold home-brewed beer to the *mate*. He will be bluff and jovial in a quiet way, while any or all the womenfolk flutter about to wait on him. Sitting in his rustic chair, he gazes affectionately from one to another of the family group.

Any suitor thinks carefully before he faces such an affec-

tionate, indulgent father. Yet any prospective son-in-law knows that if his means are too limited to provide a home for his bride he may, without humiliation, share in the paternal grace by making his home under the family roof. He will, of course, contribute what he earns to the family exchequer, or help in the work of his father-in-law's *fazenda*, or other business.

If a father has lost a son or sons to other families under this same arrangement, he is happy to have a son-in-law or sons-in-law to take their places. So with one or two or three daughters to follow each other in marriage, there will come the happy time when *pai caro* can retire, leaving his business or his farm to the management of the sons-in-law.

I have seen the families of four married daughters growing up under the parental roof. There were the same sewing, lace-making, and embroidery groups in the shady patio, the same gossip, and the same happy, smiling *pai caro* in his white linen suit, lounging in an ample rustic chair while lisping grandchildren clambered over his widespread knees. Sisters mother each other's children as if they were their own, and share family pleasures and responsibilities apparently without the slightest friction.

The only rivalry I noticed in the families I knew was among the sons-in-law. Each seemed to be competing for the honor of being the most attentive husband, the most adored father of his young family, and the most efficient son-in-law to both *pai* and *mãe*. It is most often the quiet little mother who is the real power in the family circle. I do not know how virtuous the men are. The women in these rural environments are, I would say, wholly so. Scandal would travel fast and live forever, and the Portuguese are proud. On the whole, they are devout and pious. I do not know what marital problems come up, but I imagine father would deal rather severely with any erring in-law. Yet in a land where the social ethics are dictated and controlled by

men, and women are disciplined in granting men the privilege of certain indulgences, the father might wink at what we would term misdemeanors. I've never enjoyed the confidences of men regarding these subtle matters, I'm sorry to say. One sister, perhaps more attractive than the others, does not attempt to flirt with her brothers-in-law. A man weak enough to be tempted would bring upon himself the contempt of the other men of the household. Which brings one to the brink of surmise that femininity may be solely responsible for its own amorous ills.

But it must be possible to lead cleaner and more moral lives in the serene environment of the country, where social diversion is found within the family circle, and the gaiety of mothers, wives, and sisters holds the lure usually attributed to night-club femininity. I am fond of the young men of the rural districts. They are the same frank, honest boys that we have on our farms and in our small towns, and they have a long start in life over the boys who have grown up on a sixty-foot lot of a city street.

In all Brazilian towns of three or four hundred population, the one place to go is to church; aside from this, there is only the Saturday evening promenade around the plaza. And the chief social affairs are weddings and christenings. Everyone goes to funerals, of course, although these should not be termed social affairs, even though they hold certain aspects of sociability. But weddings are the highlights, and there seldom is a time when one is not anticipated. An approaching wedding means extra animation in the sewing-circles of all the rear patios, and a fresh impetus to the lace-making and embroidery, for wedding gifts. Life is far from dull in these small communities, and I frankly enjoy it.

In the very small towns, there is usually just one store, with perhaps two or three smaller shops. The main store is the social center for the men, and men usually do the shopping for the family. If women shop, they go in family groups. Yard goods



are limited to a dozen or so bolts of prints, and the same of white goods; and crowded in between them are rows of mens' boots and overalls, saddles and bridles and saddle blankets, and pots and pans and heavy knives for cutting through the mat.

Here *marchantes* will come to buy cattle for the shambles, or trade mules for some of their customers, so it is no place for women to go unless they are accompanied by father or brother. And *pai* and *irmão* (brother) would much rather buy the things themselves, for then they can linger and pick up the gossip of the countryside, and perhaps put over a deal for themselves. So when the men go to buy a spool of cotton, the women know they will not be back until the next mealtime. This is quite agreeable, for the longer they stay, the more news will be brought home. There are no newspapers thrown on the doorstep each morning, nor delivered weekly, for that matter. Men keep posted on their work by means of the Government bulletins that are issued regularly, and now, of course, there is the radio for those fortunate enough to own one.

Another delightful source of gossip for the men is the village tailor. Sitting all day just inside the open doorway of his small shop, he checks on every passerby. He knows every *vaqueiro* who rides in from the country to saunter casually down the village street in the hope of getting a glance from a shuttered window. The tailor steps out to fan himself and light a cigarette and, incidentally, to see whose shuttered window it is that may have the slats slyly opened. If he has seen the *vaqueiro* turn in his saddle and raise his flat-crowned hat, and then ride slowly back again searching for the pair of dancing eyes, he goes smiling back to his sewing machine, clucking softly to himself.

A *fazendeiro* comes in from the country to order a new suit. He is a valued customer.

“Ah, *Senhor Luiz*, something *muito elegante* this time, eh?”



beams the tailor. "I have the thing. A piece of goods for maybe three suits, eh?" He shows the material. "I save this for you. Not many have suits off this piece. It is good for a *visita* to the city, maybe, eh? Ah, *bom*; a *Fazendeiro opulento* should go to the *cidade* to spend some *dinheiro*, eh, *Senhor Luiz*?" He chuckles as he compares his customer's new girth measure with the old, and shakes his head warningly. "Or perhaps it is the wedding of a beautiful daughter, no?" And adds softly, "Or a christening, maybe, *Senhor Luiz*?"

*Senhor Luiz* listens through these friendly preliminaries before he asks casually about village news. In order to receive generously, he gives generously of countryside news, knowing that Carlos will pass it all along to his next customer. There are no dressmaking shops, so tailor-shop gossip must necessarily touch on such delicate bits of news as will interest the family and make the raconteur the star of the evening group in the small drawing room.

Incidentally, women who are accustomed to patronize ready-to-wear dress shops find themselves utterly helpless in the matter of clothing if they are away from any of the larger cities of Brazil. It is a case of make your own or order by mail and wait four or five months for delivery. Dresses take on a value far beyond their price in dollars under such conditions.

Mile by mile, as we near any of the large cities, this idyllic country life increases in tempo, and in adverse ratio decreases in that quality of pastoral beauty that makes the idyl. That precious principle we call serenity dissipates like a mist in the early morning, and the sense of security that the land gives to men goes with it. You cannot say that it goes with this mile, or the next; you only know it has gone, and you miss it. But the man who owns a bit of land attains unconsciously the feel of a baron, a nobleman of nature.

Farmers who leave their own land to work for others

have not the same love of the soil. They lack the anchorage of ownership. Yet life on the large estates nearer the cities has many advantages in the way of modern equipment; and there are social advantages for the family. The miles to the city grow shorter and swifter, and the children from now on are one step ahead of *pai*. So father must quicken his stride to keep from falling behind his city-bound sons. Brazil is no exception in this. It is the movement, unfortunately, of modern life the world over. And the cities check up an added blessing with the arrival of each rural son.

## CHAPTER VIII

### *THE SANTOS I KNEW*

WHEN I WAS first in Brazil, the white-uniformed "mosquito squad" of the police force was on twenty-four-hour duty; anyone who heard a mosquito humming about, indoors or outdoors, and failed to notify the police, was subject to arrest and a heavy fine. The one word mosquito reaching police headquarters, by messenger, or by telephone, would bring a squad of five men on the double-quick. The captain of the squad carried a lantern or a flashlight, and the others carried buckets of kerosene. Not until they had scoured the district and located the stagnant water that might be a breeding-pool would their assignment be finished. If it was a low place from which the daily rains would not readily drain away, a crew of men arrived the next morning to fill the depression with cement.

All up and down the coast, and far into the interior, these precautions were rigidly enforced. Shores of lakes and sluggish inlets were patrolled daily. Men with long-handled dippers took samples of water that looked as if it might harbor larvae, poured it into bottles and then watched to see what hatched out—if anything. And always there was the inevitable kerosene sprinkling-can to spray any suspicious reed-grown or mossy shores that pushed back under overhanging trees matted with vines and orchids. Having gone so often on these mosquito scouting trips, I still associate orchids with the odor of kerosene.

It scarcely seems possible now that I can sleep in Santos, or

any place in Brazil except the Amazonian frontiers, with unscreened long French windows open to the night, and not have a mosquito humming across my pillow. And it scarcely seems possible that science, in a brief decade, has completely routed the cruelly devastating malady of yellow fever. More than once, it killed off the entire crews of ships putting in at Santos for cargoes of coffee, leaving hulls to rot in the channel.

Even malaria fever, common ague, is banished wherever medical aid is available when the first symptoms appear. In years gone by, this malady was deemed a natural and unavoidable curse of the tropics everywhere. One simply dosed with quinine, drank heavily of black coffee—and perhaps whiskey—and waited with dread for the ineluctable paroxysms of chills, fever, and sweating—chills, fever, and sweating—over and over, day after day. In one common type of malaria, chills begin at ten in the morning; fever at noon, just in time to spoil the midday meal; and at two-thirty begins the weakening perspiration that leads, within an hour, to such a throbbing headache that it is necessary to isolate oneself from the rest of humanity to avoid mass murder. An hour's sound sleep, and the headache is gone. A cool shower, a tall glass of lemonade or tonic water, and one is in fine fettle for the evening—knowing full well that the whole procedure will be repeated to the last detail on the morrow.

No longer does one see, in the shade of the warehouses along the Santos docks, Negro stevedores chilling and sweating by turns as they load ships with rich cargoes of coffee. In fact, the picturesque stevedores of Santos are very nearly obsolete. Instead of the rhythmic chanting that made their backs less weary as they trotted in an endless line up and down the gangplanks, there is now only the quiet monotonous hum of the electric conveyors.

It was an American engineer who built the electric con-

veyors that operate with such magic precision, routing romance with machinery, and making it possible for a score or more of ships to load simultaneously. In other days, five ships calling for cargo would have brought every available stevedore out in the cool hours of daybreak, with fifty or sixty assigned to each ship. The men worked with the precision of automatons. Every man, only a few feet apart, would brace himself with his leg as he stooped to the right to receive the weight of the coffee bag as it was thrown on his back by men standing on the endless tiers of bags stacked in the warehouses. Then he trotted across the wharf, up the gangplank, along the deck of the ship, to be relieved of his burden by the crew members who shot the bag down a chute into the hold.

There was such clocklike regularity of pace and movement that all the stevedores down the long docks would sing in unison. In the early morning, it would be a spirited chant; then as the sun grew hot about nine o'clock, the lilt in the music almost disappeared, and the monotonous repetition of a few lines of verse would keep them swinging along. At ten o'clock, all work stopped. In five minutes there was not a patch of shade under the wide eaves of the warehouses that did not have its full quota of sleeping workmen finishing up the night's rest that had been interrupted at three or four o'clock. At midafternoon, when the daily shower had slightly cleared up the muggy heat, work was resumed, to last until eight or nine in the evening.

Coffee and Santos always have been synonymous. Previous to 1867, coffee was brought down from the high plateau of São Paulo in high, wooden-wheeled carts drawn by oxen or mules; or it was packed down by mules to a spot where it could be loaded on barges. These were then towed down the sluggish streams that cut across the swampy lowlands. During this slow transportation through torrid heat and frequent



showers, the coffee often became mouldy and, when it finally arrived at the Santos' docks, had to be dumped into the sea.

In 1867, a cog railway was built up the steep mountainside to the coffee-producing plateaus. With shipping hazards removed, São Paulo growers intensified their production. Wealthy Santos, although miserably fever-ridden at this time, became even wealthier. The death rate was appalling. Wealthy people left the city proper and built homes out on São Vicente beach, where Atlantic breezes offset the fever-producing factors.

With coffee-producing areas spreading farther and farther westward across the rolling hills of São Paulo, the cog railway became inadequate, so a new one, a marvel of engineering skill, was built in 1901. This electrically controlled road climbs two thousand five hundred feet within six miles. Most of the way, it actually clings to the sheer mountainside, sometimes truly hanging over in space. As I write this, I can still feel my stomach doing its usual acrobatics under such conditions or, more properly speaking, over such conditions.

I have shuddered over cable and cog railways in many parts of the world, and I never get past the feeling that I am going to prove a jinx—that the record of safety for fifty or a hundred years must be broken sometime and this must be it. Nothing ever has collapsed under my weight, yet I persist, apparently hopefully, in my dire forecasts.

There is also a motor road now on the side of the canyon opposite the railway. There is only one way to enjoy riding on this highway: make your peace with God, and prepare yourself for the hereafter before you start. Only by this means are you able to appreciate the scenic glories even remotely, as your driver negotiates hairpin turns at fifty kilometers an hour, horn tooting continuously, rear wheels swirling to the left as you make a right-hand turn, and to the right on a left-hand turn, until you marvel that they are not ripped off.

Once I ventured a query as to the percentage of accidents. The driver looked around and smiled—while making a sharp turn with no diminution of speed—and said, “We never hear of accidents, *Senhora*.”

I timed my next question to a straightaway, and said with appropriate inferences, “You mean no one is left to tell about them—is that it?”

“*Sim, Senhora*; I suppose it is that way.”

So we dropped the subject.

But as if taunting the engineering feats of man, nature excels here in her own particular skill of engineering miracles. From directly under the beetling brow of the São Paulo mesa, there gushes the source of the Santos water supply, rated as the purest in the world. A precautionary query in Santos as to the quality of the drinking water (a question legitimate from any stranger) brought me a summons to inspect this magic source.

Leaving the railway after crossing the low swampy lands, we started up a rough country road in a buckboard. When this road became too steep and slippery for the mules to negotiate, we got out and walked. Almost immediately, we dived into the forest. It was dark and dank. No ray of sunshine penetrated the thick green blanket spread across gaunt, branching trunks of giant trees laced together with matted vines.

Four men armed with long knives, the curved blades glistening with the silver of fresh grinding, had met us as we left the buckboard. Two now walked ahead and one on either side. They were our guards against attacking monkeys. Monkeys, it seems, have family rows, and when they start a fight among themselves, they haven't the discrimination nor pride to hide their troubles from the public, so they attack anyone when in a belligerent mood.

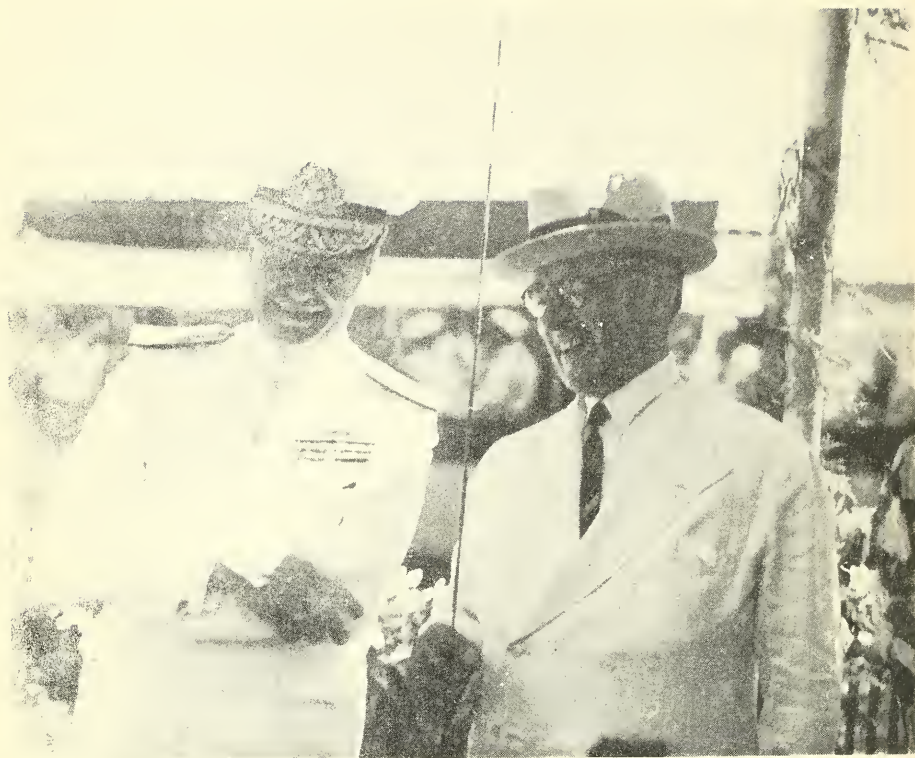
It wasn't long before we found ourselves being followed. Brownish gray monkeys were leaping from branch to branch,



The fish and shrimp peddler



The chicken man



*Agencia Nacional D.I.P. photo*

Former President Vargas at the launching of a destroyer



swinging down on vines and up again, chattering and making the horrid, clucking sounds in their throats that indicates an ugly state of mind. Our host, the caretaker of the water system, cautioned us to pay no attention to them, and to walk in close formation. The latter injunction was unnecessary; the former wholly futile. They kept swinging closer and closer through the vines, and occasionally a bold, bad male would drop down on the trail behind us and lope along on three legs, chattering in throaty guttural sounds and wrinkling his upper lip back over pointed yellow teeth.

There was at least an hour of this monkey business as we slithered gingerly over the wet trail before we came out of the dark forest tunnel into an open sunny hole that reached down through the trees. It was a man-made hole, letting in the sunshine to sweeten the dank earth where the clear, cool water came out of the rock—as if Moses and Aaron had spake unto the rock, and Moses had smote the rock twice with his rod. Filtering through earth for perhaps hundreds of miles back into the interior of Brazil, the water was clear as crystal in the small reservoir, and I was delightfully relieved to see that the reservoir was tightly screened with close-meshed wire. I had worried about these monkeys.



## CHAPTER IX

### *A NEW RIO*

WITH THE development of air transportation, Brazil has become acutely tourist conscious. Travel bureaus take care of the excursionist to Manáos, or Iguassú, housing him as comfortably as in Rio, and the trip to these outposts is made in a matter of hours. Yet one never can get the feel of the land by flying over the treetops; one still must ride under the forests, and still ride much of the way on horseback, if he would meet the shy, gentle folk of the country.

Empire days now seem very remote, not because a great number of years has passed, but because Brazil has leaped ahead a quarter of a century during the last ten or twelve years—leaped ahead to the evils of modernity, as well as to the advantages of a quickened economic life. The factors that make escapists of city dwellers have crowded in on all the larger cities, especially have they taken possession of the beautiful Federal capital. Rio de Janeiro has got in a hurry. The only difference between dashing for your life through the honking, clanging traffic of Avenida Rio Branco and pursuing the same adventure on Fifth Avenue is that you do it gaily in Rio; and a close shave brings a smiling admonition from the traffic officer instead of a curt warning.

What the present generation is going to do to the staid and courtly manners of their fathers is a serious question. I acknowledge sadly, that I feel quite at home anywhere when men crowd ahead of me to board a bus or tram, or to enter an

elevator. But when this happened in Rio, I felt as if I were a stranger in the land I had known and loved.

The reason for this offending rush is that residential Rio has spread out in two directions, as if tips had sprouted on her outflung wings. Downtown, on Avenida Rio Branco, where motor coaches follow one another as quickly as on Piccadilly, and pile up three and four in a row at street intersections, the pedestrian is protected by traffic signals; as an added precaution against accidents, a traffic officer sits in a tower to check violators.

If one starts across late, he can leap for his life to the center islands of the wide street, providing he is nimble, and wait there for the signal to turn. One hot day, before I had quite caught step with this swift traffic, I had just leaped like a kangaroo to the center island, when I saw my every-twenty-minutes-bus juggernauting down the street. I waved to the officer in the tower, pointed frantically to my approaching bus, and started on a series of Isadora Duncans. A shrill blast from the officer's whistle did not detain me, though mentally I could feel his detaining grip on my shoulder. Safely across, I looked up. It was the traffic he had stopped!

"*Tenha cuidado!*" he called to me, wagging a warning "take care" finger. But he smiled at my, "*Obrigado, Senhor Inspector!*" I wonder if I would have received a smile in Los Angeles or New York City.

Rio never has had any speed limit for motorcars nor busses. If all the wheels are not on the ground at the same time, you just hold your breath and pray. With each passenger gambling on his chance of survival, it is scarcely logical to expect that the fine points of chivalry should rule.

On the old "bonds," put on fifty years ago when municipal bonds were voted for this tram service—hence the name—there is still a degree of dignity, although the same old scramble up

two high steps into the open, cross seats of the car still has all the aspects of jumping a hurdle in an obstacle race. No standing is permitted in either busses or streetcars; and in the latter only five persons may sit on the cross seats, although there is plenty of room for six small people.

The cars are so high that it is impossible to survey the entire area for a vacant seat without stepping on the narrow running board; and once you are on the running board the car starts. Should no seat be available, you cling for dear life to the uprights along the sides of the car and drop off at the next stop. An older man still will relinquish his seat to a lady and swing down to the running board himself; but the young man seldom finds any greater urge toward chivalry than do our men of the United States.

If you are coming from town with parcels, your *carregador* will be riding in the second-class rear section, or in a second-class trailer, and if you have to drop off, you try desperately to signal him to get off too. But if he has a seat and has paid his fare, he will sail blithely on with all your precious purchases. However, despite the many times I have been separated from these licensed carriers, I've never failed to find them waiting patiently at the address I have given them, however casually.

But traffic is not the only thing that has changed in Rio—using Rio to exemplify all Brazil. The ethics of society, previously inflexible, are now so exceedingly elastic that one is left teetering in indecision as to just what is correct. Some traditionally rigid restrictions have been merely loosened; some have been cast off altogether. Such matters as formal dress requirements have been slackened to fit a swifter pace of living; lengthy preliminaries to business transactions have been reduced to perhaps a single formal call, with coffee and cigarettes.

And, most surprising, Brazil is not quite the man's world it

was previously. To be sure, men still behave as they see fit; there is still no attempt to conceal the double standard of morals; but dictating the conduct of their women, which heretofore had been their self-imposed task, is developing pitfalls. The men, in transforming their own modes and manners, are mildly astonished that the women are daring to do some transforming on their own behalf. Apprehension frankly prevails in masculine quarters, for Brazilian women are clever and the men know it.

Women go freely on the streets alone during the day and even after dark, if circumstances demand it; they work in stores, replacing men at ribbon counters and in lingerie departments, and in the exclusive stores in the Ouvidor. They are replacing men stenographers in offices; but with all this modernity they still are proud to "rate" a stare in a crowded elevator. A few women are edging bravely into the professions of law and medicine.

But what is surprising the men is the fact that women on the whole have ceased to regard marriage as the sole aim and ambition of life. For a man to pay court to a woman and find her unattainable because she has a greater interest in her career was hitherto unheard of. He sees a steady encroachment upon his prerogatives of moral freedom. He sees in the dim but not too distant future some such prospect as being asked to account for his whereabouts of an evening. No wonder he is holding on to his seat in the tram. In another decade, it may be the only thing he can hang on to, as his traditional privileges are stripped away one by one.

Brazilian women have not yet felt the urge to join clubs. There is an American Women's Club in Rio, but it is largely ignored by the Brazilians. They can see little reason for its existence, so why bother to go out on a warm afternoon when staying at home is more comfortable. The men still administer

civic affairs, and charity is dispensed by religious organizations, except that almost every woman has her own individual charities. Politics still is without serious consideration, even though universal suffrage was adopted in 1934 as a progressive measure in government.

Men in Brazil, however, have become quite club-conscious. Rotarian organizations are active in every city of any size, as are chambers of commerce. In Rio there is a very wide-awake Brazilian-American Chamber of Commerce; and also a Brazilian-American Cultural Club, which has a few women members, and meets at five o'clock in a downtown building on Avenida Rio Branco. Men go there directly from their offices or stores, and women meet their husbands after an hour of shopping. Dr. Helio Lobo, for twelve years Brazilian Ambassador to Washington, founded this organization, and is seeing to it that Brazilians know us a little better, and that we know them very much better.

But back again in my Brazilian family hotel, I still can find the lovely old Brazil. Waking in the early morning, I still hear the lazily rhythmic clackity-clack, clackity-clack of the wooden-soled *tamancos* on the sidewalks or the cobblestoned streets, and the clear, singing calls of peddlers.

First, each morning, as it was thirty years ago, I hear under my window, "*Pei—xe, ca—ma—rão! Pei—xe, ca—ma—rão!*" It is the fishman calling to a sleepy servant in the grand house across the street. He's really calling fish and shrimps, though only one familiar with the corruption would recognize that the words *peixe e camarão* are being intoned, with the minimum of vocal exertion.

Later comes the chicken peddler, live fowls clucking protestingly as they teeter in panniers that all but hide the small white mule. With the clack, clack, clack of the mule's small



hoofs on the cobblestones, comes the soft, clear call, "*Gal—lin—has! Gor—das gal—lin—has!*" as the peddler sings the fine quality of his hens.

From the nearest market, a smiling *quitandeiro* canvasses the neighborhood, baskets of fruits and vegetables suspended from a pole across his shoulders. The kitchenware man passes by, walking cautiously, with pots and pans piled high on his head; the brushes-and-brooms man looks like a grotesquely top-knotted fowl until he sells part of his array of bright-colored dusters stuck in a harness on his shoulders. The breadman comes at exactly the same time each day, his broad baskets bulging with the long French loaves; and everyone watches for the pineapple man trundling his pushcart loaded with fragrant yellow fruit; while on the streets where children congregate is always found the man with *doces* (sweets) tantalizingly displayed in a glass showcase suspended from his neck.

All these tradesmen, with the exception of the man with the sweets of coconut and chocolate, cater to imperious but kindly servants who virtually rule their respective households. They are friends, or perhaps relatives, of the vendors; but neither relationship nor friendship can rob them of the joy of haggling for a bargain. The cook's comedy, with laughing and banter, lasts through the morning, with many a boast about a few centavos of the master's money saved by wrangling a vendor until he's tired and gives up in disgust. And not a centavo of the bargain do they keep for themselves. They are content with the joy.

The devotion of these servants is the woe of businessmen who try to sell modern kitchenware and household equipment. Indolent and slow, fond of back-fence gossip, they get their work done eventually in the same way that their fathers and mothers did, scorning as they did also, every labor-saving device. Nevertheless, it is just this dilatory, happy-go-lucky

method of housekeeping that has sent hundreds of small families into the hideous new apartment houses with their modern plumbing and built-in kitchen ranges.

These faceless apartment houses, hotels, and business blocks are monstrous misfits in Brazil. Only on the steppes of Russia and in our own Indian country of Arizona and New Mexico are they anything but offending incongruities. They have disfigured the classic architecture of Paris. Now they have invaded and marred the incomparable beauty of Rio. Like so many sore thumbs, the apartment houses stick up out of the royal palms of lovely Rua das Laranjeiras and equally lovely Rua Paysandu, flaunting their bald ugly lines against the types of buildings that made Rio's beauty distinctive, and gave the city the individual charm of old-world harmony.

During a fairly recent period of municipal economy, the office of *cuidade projectista* was abolished. With building restrictions relaxed, the first apartment house to be built had every unit rented before it was completed. Investors saw almost fabulous returns from this pent-up desire, so more apartment houses arose as quickly as workmen could throw brick and mortar skyward, and others, and others, and business blocks, and motion picture theatres. Now the office of *cuidade projectista* has been restored, and an American engineer has been appointed as city planner. But, alas, he can't tear down the monstrosities.

If one were seeking some definite symbolic evidence of the change in Brazil, it might well be found in the fact that the interior of the beautiful Municipal Theatre has been remodeled to afford a maximum seating capacity, designed to attract the people who would purchase ten or twenty tickets to the one heretofore bought for the exact number of cruzeiros. No longer is it the show place for the ultra of society, with a gallery set so far up and back that it would not detract from the splendor of the lower floor. Although patrons of music and drama still

retain blocks of season tickets, there are no more exclusively curtained boxes or richly balustraded loges that once provided such smug formality. The only remaining feature of previous elegance is the promenade, "*la salle du pas perdu*," the hall of lost footsteps, where patrons still stroll aimlessly and visit between acts; and the crowd is still the same quietly animated throng of other years.

But such delightful old-world features as the traveling bazaars still are found in many cities of Brazil. Those in Rio are the most colorful, since they are large; yet even in Rio there is one main group more colorful than the rest. Each bazaar is practically a close corporation. Once accepted, the participant is in for life, or for the term of his good behavior, as in similar trade cliques all over the world, even descending from father to son. Their unwritten laws are held as inviolate as anything ever conceived by a Blackstone. Yet even the good-natured Brazilians laughingly declined to reveal any details of their rigid governing ethics. Hard-faced Arabs had looked at me with frank disdain when I had asked them for some inside information about their bazaars.

The main group in Rio, which has all the fascination of a carnival troupe, minus the singing and dancing, comes regularly to designated praças, or wide intersections where several streets converge. Usually these sites are just outside the main metropolitan area of the city, with smaller groups going to the outskirts. There are about fifty tradespeople in this top group, and they sell everything from perfume to poultry, each paying his *tributo de mercado*, or market tax, to the city.

They come with the dawn—though not as quietly—and the effect in the neighborhood is the same as the arrival of the circus in a small town. Deftly and with astonishing swiftness they set up their bright-striped open tents, scarcely larger than umbrellas, and range themselves apparently higgledy-piggledy

from curb to curb across all the streets; traffic, except for street-cars, detours for the day.

The general animation always seemed perilously bordering on confusion, yet never quite reaching this point. In all the haste, there was no flurry. It is strange how happy animation can skirt, but never touch, the borders of confusion. In less than twenty minutes after they have arrived from every direction at an appointed hour, merchandise is unpacked and put on display. In this astonishingly brief time, the entire market is ready for business and customers are being served. Business houses in the neighborhood often remained closed for the day. They were at a disadvantage in both price and glamour.

The vegetable, fruit, and poultry stalls are always the first to be depleted of their stocks, and there never is any provision for replenishing the supplies. When each tradesman's stall is empty, he quietly folds up his little canopy and departs. The men with print goods, or perfumes and toilet waters, or the man with the fans and handkerchiefs and jewelry may remain until midafternoon before disposing of their wares. If by this time they have not sold them all, they fold up their pretty tents and slip away. The sun has been hot and the day already long. Occasionally, the almost daily shower will lengthen to a rain; then they all go home, counting the day lost. This, however, does not often happen. They have a canny way of foretelling the acts of Jupiter.

It was to a member of one of these street bazaars that the Rua Ouvidor merchant sold the shipment of men's collars—those with the sizes marked in inches instead of centimeters. Here men stop to try them on, as they do shirts and shoes. Women and children outfit themselves in many kinds of wearing apparel, and buy kitchenware and bird cages, embroidery silks and stamped cushion tops. Women come from good



homes, bringing the children and the servants, to buy shoes and school pads and pencils for the former, and sandals and gifts for the latter.

All this time, coffee vendors and *doce* peddlers are standing in the shade along the streets, or weaving in and out among the stalls, selling their black nectar and their sweets, and gossiping with the tradespeople. There is all the romantic flavor of the *mercado do Oriente*, even to the high cackling banter, and laughing haggling over prices. Altogether it is a gala day for the neighborhood, and everyone will count the weeks until it is time for another *dia de mercado*.

The one man-made beauty that I like best in Rio is the centuries-old aqueduct which is now a viaduct for the tramway that leads up from Largo da Carioca to the tiered residential streets of Santa Thereza Hill. There is nothing richer in classic grace, more imposing in majesty of line and symmetry. Working only with unskilled labor, the Jesuits built it in 1556-7-8. It is called only "Dos Arcos," nor does it need another name. There are half a hundred of these magnificent arches, bridging across three wide streets from Morro de Santo Antonio to Morro de Santa Thereza.

The tremendous height required a double tier of arches in the center, and as one whirls across now on the tram, the motorcars below look like mere toys. And since the structure was built for an aqueduct its width is breath-takingly thread-like. Flying across in open cars, the sea on one side, Tijuca Mountains on the other, the city with its shuttling traffic underneath, the low sky of the tropics overhead, one has all the feeling of a fowl of the air—if a half-scared one. For there are no side-rails on the cars, nor on the aqueduct!

Only about five miles back in the orchid-hung forest is the bubbling mountain spring that lured the Jesuits to undertake



this development project for bringing the water down to the city. Now the spring still lures those who make it a pilgrimage to go, carrying cups, to drink from the clear, cool Mãe d'Agua (Mother of Waters), fulfilling the legendary belief, if possible, that in so doing, each will become beautiful and acquire a soft voice.

## CHAPTER X

### THE TURNING WHEEL

IT is the new and the old swinging back and forth like a pendulum in everyday life that makes Rio de Janeiro more than merely a beautiful city with a pleasantly salubrious climate and varied metropolitan attractions. It makes it more than an aggregation of people living under a common government.

Within three minutes' walk from my hotel, which faces Praça José Alencar, is the beautiful and modern Bennett School for girls. It is patronized by exclusive and wealthy families of Brazil who wish to have their daughters educated in a North American Methodist institution. The grounds and buildings are spacious, and within the high iron gates that open off the narrow Rua Marquez de Abrantes, there is the same atmosphere of elegance that prevails behind most iron gates.

But halfway between my hotel and this exclusive school for girls is another pair of high iron gates opening into the grounds of the *Expostos da Santa Casa de Misericórdia*, Sainted House of Mercy for Abandoned Children. This institution is as old as Rio itself. The great humanitarian, Father Anchieta, founded it in the year 1509. It has operated continuously, with a record of more than fifty thousand babies turned in on the wheel.

It has not always been in its present home; it was not there when I was first in Rio. This beautiful home, with its ample hillside gardens, was willed to the orphanage by one of the wealthiest of Rio's families. The large house sets back about one hundred and fifty feet from the street, and the front yard

is enclosed by the usual high stone wall buckled together with the usual high iron gates.

But extending about a hundred feet up the side is a narrow, stone-paved alley. It is only about six feet wide; a high stone wall on the other side makes it seem narrower still. It is at the head of this alley that the wheel is set in the wall. The open half of the wheel is always out—out and ready to receive the mite of human flotsam. Inside the wall at this point is a tiny cottage. The wheel, as it is turned with its human burden, opens into the sitting room of this cottage. There is also a bedroom, kitchen, and a small dining room. All the rooms are small because the woman who lives there must always be within hearing of the buzzer that rings with the weight of the child—the weight of the weest babe—that is being turned in, slowly and reluctantly, or in nervous haste, for the wheel turns easily, with only the tip of a finger.

I was walking along this street one evening at late dusk when two young girls asked me in frightened voices for the number of this house of mercy. Both were crying. The elder carried a bundle. I asked to see—the baby. By the street light, I could see that it was white. Evidently not her own. Both the girls were Negro. They covered the baby quickly. I showed them the alley. Up they ran, their bare feet padding on the stones.

They stood for a long moment before the open wheel. Then the older of the two girls—she was perhaps sixteen—stood on her tiptoes, and gently placed the tiny bundle on the wheel. Half jumping backward as the buzzer sounded, she quickly reached up and turned the open half of the wheel into the cottage. The two of them stood for a few seconds staring at the closed half of the wheel; then they turned and came running back down the narrow alley.

"*Obrigado, Senhorinha,*" they said as they passed me, and with hands clasped went running down the street.

I could not help thinking, perhaps with them, that the wee bit of humanity might have been happier resting its tiny baby head on Abraham's bosom.

Later I sat in the cottage with the kindly woman attendant, who was herself a wheel baby. Her husband was a wheel baby. He is a teacher of shoemaking in one of the boys' manual arts classes. She spoke so casually of these wheel babies that I tried to calm my emotions to her *adagio* time. It was evening. Usually two or three babies are left each evening. I had a sense of dragging minutes; then time seemed to lunge jerkily as I reasoned myself to placidity, and as quickly lost it again.

At last, the buzzer! The wheel turned silently! "Oh, God, be merciful," I prayed, "to this child who is cast off without heritage by those who conceived it and gave it life, now to be born again into the care of these sainted Sisters of Mercy!"

Quite as a routine duty, the attendant went to receive the infant as it came into view. From a bundle of newspapers she unwrapped a naked black baby, its tiny head pillowed on the screaming headlines of *O Noite*.

"For shame!" she exclaimed, pityingly. "It is not yet cleaned from birth. It is the baby of a young girl. I know. I have seen many." Already she had pulled the signal cord to the main building that would bring a girl; and she was wrapping the startlingly small form in a blanket.

"The one that came an hour ago, just before you came," she continued, in a grumbling tone, "was clean and sweet and had nice clothes—even a little cape."

"Was it colored, too?" I asked. And because my voice trembled, she looked sharply at me.

"Only three or four out of a hundred are white, and if these

three or four are normal and healthy, they are quickly adopted. But long ago we had to stop white people taking Negro babies for adoption, for that meant nothing but slavery for the poor children."

A light-skinned Negro girl came softly in. She, too, was wholly matter of fact.

"Go with her," the woman said to me. "Ask the Mother Superior to show you our babies."

My first glimpse of the Mother Superior revealed her face and outflung hands expressing helplessness at the sight of another charge.

"We have seventy now above our capacity of five hundred," she said, as she pulled down the blanket from the baby's face. "Oh, the pity! Hurry, take it upstairs to the head nurse." She waved the girl along with as much concern and haste as she might have felt for a child of royalty.

She turned to me. "The merely curious we do not take through our home," she said severely. "But if you are really interested, I shall be glad to show you the children tomorrow morning. Come at ten o'clock."

I allowed myself ten minutes to loiter from the tall iron gates, along the wide, shaded walk, around the sweeping curve of the drive, and up the two flights of balustraded marble steps that lead to the magnificent mansion that once housed the very rich. In the large, high-ceilinged hall, there are still the imposing paintings of the very rich. As I raised my eyes to take in their beauty, my rather wandering gaze was brought up shortly by the stately figure of the Mother Superior standing, herself like a statue, at the railing of the balcony at the top of the broad, curving stairs.

"Thank you for being prompt," she called down, "for I never wait." She smiled, but the crispness of her tone left no doubt as to the value of her minutes.





Entrance to *Expostos da Santa Casa de Misericórdia*. To the left is the side street



At the head of this side street is the turning wheel



The wheel partly open



The wheel closed

She was on her way down the hall as I reached the top step—breathless and panting.

“Three times the wheel turned after you were here last evening,” she was saying, “which makes fifty-two babies in the last thirty days. You will see how crowded we are.”

She stepped into the elevator for which she had rung, and I sprang after her as she said sharply to the boy operator, “Hospital floor.”

The hospital is a big, airy room. There were only a few indisposed children; but there must have been all of those fifty-two babies that had been passed in on the wheel during the month. They were grouped in fours in glassed compartments, each group being attended by a girl of fourteen or fifteen. These girls themselves had grown up in the institution as wheel-babies; they serve as helpers for the trained nurses. I recognized among the doctors who give their services to these abandoned children some of Rio’s finest physicians. And I recognized the wee mite I had seen passed in on the wheel wrapped only in a newspaper.

The weather is always so warm that only the tiniest babies wear any clothing except a diaper. And nature certainly has built well, else these fourteen-year-old girls, in dressing them would dislocate every sacroiliac in the entire aggregation of squirming, kicking, crying babies. There is no time, even if there had been an inclination—which there seemed not to be—for solacing woes. With the last pin in, the baby may continue to cry, or he may quit. They do not know the art of holding out their arms to be taken up and cuddled. They just lie and cry, or toss about restlessly, without noticing any of the busy attendants.

At first they are grouped by weeks of age, then by months, and then by years. Cribs in the babies’ ward, and beds in the other wards were crammed into every available space. And



though no child is given any individual attention so far as affection is concerned, each child is fed scientifically. In a modern, scientifically equipped kitchen, is a dietary expert who carries out to the last detail the directions of the various physicians. This kitchen was the gift of a business firm in Rio. The whole institution is maintained by voluntary contributions.

From age to age, we went through the various wards and playrooms and playgrounds. The original mansion is quite lost under the two floors built above it, and the ells and wings built out on two sides and back onto the hill behind. It is on this terraced hillside that various play-lots have been tucked into unexpected nooks. Bright, sunny places they are—but just places. There's nothing in playground equipment. Contributions are barely sufficient to keep the children's stomachs filled. But God is generous with warm sunshine and good pure air.

Beginning with those of three or four years, they all run to greet the smiling Mother Superior, craving even a single caress to feed the loneliness of their little hearts. They could not understand my English, and probably very little of my poor Portuguese, but a pat and a smile always brought a jubilant response. I wish that every man and woman who is responsible for these children by the sins of the flesh could see the love-longing in these baby eyes. Love is God's richest gift to childhood, and to be denied this boon scars the heart of any infant.

When the children are old enough to attend classes, they are a little happier—or maybe they have ceased to expect affection, that is, individual affection. And when the girls are ten or eleven and are given household tasks, the hours are not so barren. Boys seem to get along better. For them there is always the glory of fighting. Then as soon as they are able to use their hands for something besides boxing, they are taught useful trades and any of the arts they show a talent for. Most of the boys declared they were going to be soldiers or policemen when

they grew up. But one bright little fellow, his only plaything a piece of shingle with a tiny piece of rag stuck up as a sail, declared solemnly that he was going to be a *marujo* (sailor). From an eminence in the high-walled garden, he could see the blue-green waters of the Bay, and his lonely little heart longed to sail away somewhere.

There is a band for the boys who show musical talent. And because there is usually plenty of talent, and boys are so eager for a place in the organization, membership has become a reward of merit for general behavior. The boys are exceptionally well behaved, considering their crowded quarters and limited ways for disposing of excess energy. Not having been indulged by fond parents, they know only discipline. They step from babies to young soldiers. As a consequence, when it comes time for them to leave the institution at fourteen, they usually find steady, if menial, work; and those who have been adept at the simple trades taught in the institution find work readily in their respective fields.

With the girls it is different. From the time they are strong enough to lift and carry a baby, their work is set. If, however, they display a real dislike for nursing, they are put in the kitchen, or the laundry, or detailed to sweep and scrub, where this work is not too heavy. Sometimes they think life is pretty grim. There are no parties where boys and girls mingle. That would involve the busy staff in just one more disciplinary perplexity, and there are more than enough as it is.

Each girl takes a turn in the kitchen. She must learn the proper food for babies of all ages; learn to prepare food for children of all ages; and learn sanitation in all its phases. This training usually is reserved for the final two years that the girls remain in the home and they all look forward to it as a privilege. How their eyes glow at being a part of the staff that measures out two hundred and seventy-five liters of milk each



day, one thousand kilos of sugar each month, and five hundred kilos of rice each month!

This is keeping house on a grand scale, but in each girl's heart she is keeping house for herself, in a home she will have someday. For Gloria Day comes at the end of the year when she is fifteen! Gloria Day!—Gloria Day! The words run through their hearts like a glad song when they reach these final years. And don't offend these girls by asking, "What is Gloria Day?" For it is the day around which all their future revolves.

Maria da Gloria Day, named in honor of the eldest daughter of Dom Pedro I of Brazil, she who later became Queen Maria II of Portugal, is the Sunday nearest to August 15. On this Sunday, in the bright but not too warm sunshine of midwinter, the girls who are past fifteen years of age line up before Gloria Cathedral, or before the imposing cathedral facing Largo Machado. They are always dressed in the best that their poor station affords, dresses given to them for this memorable occasion, dresses under which beat hopes as high as the blue skies above. For they are lined up for marriage.

Excited as the girls are, some near to tears, some giggling nervously, and some stolid in the face of prospective happiness, strict decorum is inspired by the presence of cloaked Sisters at either end of the line. It is a decorum without austerity, for the Sisters know the hearts of the girls whom they bring here year after year on Maria da Gloria Day.

Young men who have been loitering in the ample shade of the Largo, waiting for the girls to appear after the Cathedral service, stand at a respectful distance. Perhaps one or two orphan boys will be waiting for girls they have seen at the House of Mercy. These boys wait at the cathedral doors, in order to declare themselves to the Sisters even before the girls are in line. The girls chosen are then sent inside the church to

wait. They may be exceptionally pretty and might contrast adversely with some of the plainer girls.

It is a happy day when all the girls are quickly selected. Would that it were always so! When selections are slow, and the young men are wandering away, leaving five or six girls unselected, the Sisters say it is time to return to the orphanage. How leaden are those five or six hearts in breasts that held such high hope! For there is but one Gloria Day for each girl. At the end of one more year, she must go out into the world to earn her own living, usually into domestic service as a nurse girl. She has had excellent training for this work. But if she lacked the attractiveness to capture some young man's fancy on Gloria Day, she feels that her chances are slim for future conquests. She feels that she is branded among the other girls of her age. Losing hope, she loses self-esteem; herself neglected, she neglects her work, and becomes a problem in discipline.

The young men who have selected prospective brides must report to the Sisters at designated intervals. They must show their earnings and their savings, they must bring reports from their employers, and they must at all times leave their home addresses. If at the end of a year their records have been satisfactory, they may marry the girls they have selected. When records are unsatisfactory, marriages are forbidden. The Sisters also check regularly on the young couples after marriage, counseling them in difficult circumstances, should any arise, and in every way taking the place of real parents.

I saw one girl, not yet twenty, whose marriage had failed, come each week on her free afternoon to hold her baby that she had brought back to the orphanage for care. She was like the Madonna holding the Christ Child, this young mother, who had to put all her love into three short hours a week.

However, women of lower stations in life are more fortunate in Brazil than they are in many places, and more fortunate in

Rio than in many places in Brazil. Senhora Vargas had two noteworthy charitable projects, besides her general interest in many other such activities, and both aided women and girls. Both were the outcome of her tireless effort to make the lives of women less arduous and the lives of children happier. Both were financed from her own private funds.

One of the first things that caught her attention when she came to Rio was the necessity of a good substantial luncheon for the hundreds of *obreiras* (working women) who are employed in the textile plants of the São Christovão industrial section of the capital. She built and equipped a restaurant for women only, which faces the cool *Praça da Bandeira*. A hearty meal is provided for forty centavos—approximately seven cents. A meal consists of a generous helping of meat, two vegetables, plenty of grated *mandioca* browned in butter, plenty of fresh fruit, and coffee or milk.

There is no need to gulp food and hurry back to work. The long noon hour gives ample time for rest and even light recreation; consequently the women return to their looms cheered and refreshed. In fact, the women were so very cheery and refreshed that the men became jealous, and President Vargas had to build a restaurant for them.

But Senhora Vargas' other project was even more pretentious. It was a home for girls— orphaned girls, or the daughters of working mothers. She called it "*Cidade das Meninas*," (City of Girls). The government-owned São Bento estate, in the newly reclaimed Baixada Fluminense district, about forty minutes' ride from Rio, was the site selected. A man and his wife will look after the welfare of the girls, superintending their school work, and their domestic training, their garden work and their Christian education. In short, the girls will be trained for marriage and motherhood.

There was another project that Senhora Vargas deemed the

pleasantest of all her year's interests—the distribution of Christmas gifts. Each yuletide she gave to hundreds of children, who otherwise might have no gifts, nicely wrapped packages, each with her personal greetings. It was a heartwarming Christmas morning ceremony to see children dressed in their Sunday best form a long queue and pass quietly, but radiantly happy, before the white pillars of Guanabara Palace. As each pair of small hands reached up to receive the gift there was a shyly whispered, "*Obrigado, Senhora Presidente,*" and a tiny heart was made glad, not more for the gift than for the gracious smile of a beautiful woman—a quiet, lovely mother.

The final Christmas before the war periled shipping to Brazil, twenty-six huge packing cases filled with gifts went down from New York to Rio, each article personally selected by the staff of the Brazilian Consulate.

## CHAPTER XI

### *GETULIO VARGAS*

ANY APPRAISAL of present-day politics and economics in Brazil must essentially be an appraisal of Dr. Getulio Vargas, so long Brazil's President. He was born in the southern State of Rio Grande do Sul, in the small town of São Borja, only a few miles from Argentina's northern frontier. Brazilians call it their pampa country, but this is only by comparison with their timbered areas of the north. It is not in any way similar to the great expanse of level, windswept, dusty pampa of southern Argentina. Rio Grande do Sul is not unlike southern Illinois and western Kentucky. The low and gently rolling hills are perennially green.

Perhaps it was the pampa of Rio Grande do Sul that prepared Getulio Vargas for his destiny, as the hills of Illinois and Kentucky molded the character of Abraham Lincoln. The two men have many of the same attributes. The illustrious son of Brazil, however, was not born into poverty, and did not have to struggle against the saddening adversities that hampered and plagued our greatest of all Americans.

São Borja, where Vargas was born, was an early sixteenth century Jesuit mission. The countryside was developed around the church, as in the case of California's missions, which were founded contemporaneously with the missions of the "Seven Saints" in Brazil. General Manoel Vargas, Getulio's father, was stationed at this Brazil-Argentina boundary post with a garrison of troops. Here his family grew to five sons, and his holdings grew to a thousand leagues of land.



Many years ago, General Vargas divided his vast land holdings among his five sons, so each son owns acreage that represents a large *fazenda*. Like all other young men of the cattle country, they are *gauchos*, accomplished with the lariat, and expert riders. Like many sons of army men, Getulio chose a military career. In 1899, he enlisted as a private in the 6th Infantry Battalion. He was sixteen then. After twelve months of this training, he entered the Rio Pardo Military College. With only a year of studious application, he passed two grades and was assigned to the 25th Infantry Battalion, stationed at Porto Alegre, capital of the State of Rio Grande do Sul. Here he attended the *Escola Brasileira* (Brazilian College).

The people of Porto Alegre are fond of telling that, in order to find quiet for complete concentration in his studies, he made the cemetery his favorite spot. A full course of mathematics was worked out in the graveyard as he sat on the warm sunny side of a white marble tombstone.

In the State's capital, he got a taste of politics. So he resigned from the army and took up the study of law. Aided by his peculiar ability to immerse himself completely in any subject, he took his degree at law with the highest honors of his class (1907), and was immediately appointed District Attorney. While a student of law, he had founded a newspaper which he called *O Debate* (*The Dispute*). In this, he called upon everyone to debate any question relative to political activities, with a view toward bettering existing conditions. This was the actual beginning of his colorful political career.

After only two years as District Attorney, Getulio Vargas resigned and went back to São Borja to practice law. It was those rolling acres of his father's *fazenda* that called him—the quiet of the hills, the leisurely hours in the saddle, the feel of the earth, and the soul-sweetening elixir of loneliness. But the people of Rio Grande do Sul's western hills would not let him

remain in the province of his birth; within the year, they elected him their representative to the State Legislature and sent him back to Porto Alegre. This was in 1909.

In 1911, he married the beautiful *Senhorinha* Darcy Sarmanho, his childhood sweetheart, whose father's vast *fazenda* joined the Vargas holdings. Here they had grown up together, meeting in the simple recreational life of the pampa, and in the social exchanges of the two families.

In 1913 Dr. Vargas declined re-election as a representative in the State Legislature, refused the position of Chief of Police of the State of Rio Grande do Sul, and returned to the practice of law in São Borja. But in 1917 he was returned to the State Legislature by overwhelming demand of the *povo* (people). And when this term was completed, they returned him for another term.

Before this second term was completed, revolution broke out in Rio Grande do Sul. No one knew better than did this young attorney from São Borja the menace of unhealthy political influence that had been drifting in from Central Europe. Like a miasmatic plague it had been fouling the southern states. Dr. Vargas left his seat in the legislature, forgot his law for the time, and went back to the army. He organized the 7th Provisional Division and commanded it as Lieutenant Colonel.

The revolutionists were led by Luiz Carlos Prestes. Vargas knew Prestes. He knew him as the fiery tool of what at that time had come to be acknowledged as the Communist Party. Aide to Prestes was João Alberto Lins de Barros, a man influential in the south, who surprised everyone by aligning himself with Prestes. He was more dangerous than the leader because of the respect he hitherto had commanded.

Like an attack of rash, the revolution spread north and west, breaking out intermittently in half a dozen states. Spasmodic engagements were fought with Federal and State troops. A few

casualties, and the revolutionists would withdraw. At no time did they get really out of hand. When they were not skulking around worrying Federal troops, they would fight among themselves. This continued for four years. Prestes and João Alberto and their tired men were finally backed across the border into Bolivia. They were hungry and homesick. The people had been permitted to send them boxes of food and reading matter. And it was discovered later that much of the reading matter was communistic and had been supplied secretly by the rebel party!

However, in spite of all the havoc to economic life, and the waste of money and energy, the Brazilians still look upon this four-year period as one of political awakening for the country. They were nationally aroused to the importance of proper government. They had lived a saga of political history. And out of the travail came the urge to power: political parties were born, leaders were challenged.

The revolutionists were happy to return home. To the peace-loving Portuguese-Brazilians, it had been a long, hard four years. To the Communists, it had been a dismal fiasco.

When Lieutenant Colonel Vargas saw that the revolution was in hand, he left his regiment and returned to civil life, only to be elected as Rio Grande do Sul's representative to the Federal Senate. Then from this post, President Washington Luiz Pereira de Souza called him into his Cabinet as Minister of Finance.

But political affairs were not going too smoothly in Rio Grande do Sul, and the people demanded that he return and stand for election as Governor of the State. It was from this step on the stairs of destiny that Getulio Vargas offered himself as a candidate for the presidency of the Republic. He was the candidate of the *Aliança Liberal*, and was supported by the states of Minas Geraes and Paraíba, as well as his own.

In those days, it was considered the privilege of the retiring president to name his successor, and expect the people to elect him without protest. President Washington Luiz named Julio Prestes, Governor of the State of São Paulo, as his successor. But with their political awakening, the vulgar *povo* had ideas of their own and elected the Rio Grande do Sul candidate. Imperious São Paulo brushed the southerner off as a discredited *novus homo*, and declared Julio Prestes duly elected.

Getulio Vargas was again the soldier. He organized a regiment and headed north—a regiment of state militia that was generously augmented by Bororós. As they rode north, the cavalcade was joined by men from the states of Santa Catharina and Paraná. But when they reached the border of the State of São Paulo, they faced the militia of that outraged state. There was some fighting. São Paulo did not know then, as she does now, the temper of the calm but determined man who was on his way to Rio de Janeiro.

That trek of about two thousand miles (the route was devious, due to the horses) took only six weeks. I have been over much of the country they traveled. I know the route that goes winding, winding, winding around and up and down the never-ending hills, twisting tortuously through canyons, skirting precipitous cliffs, diving into the steaming mat, from which the horses emerge in a lather of sweat, with nostrils red and distended, and breathing heavily.

The gauchos had boasted that Vargas would not stop until he had tied his horse to the obelisk at the head of Avenida Rio Branco. He fulfilled their boast. But his entry into the city of Rio de Janeiro was quiet. There was no hint of fanfare as he calmly took possession of the Federal barracks. The people of Rio had feared a clash between the Vargas forces and the military. There was not a rifle raised in protest.

From the Military Barracks, Dr. Vargas sent word to the



venerable Washington Luiz to retire from the office of President of Brazil. Washington Luiz protested that he had but two weeks yet to serve and he would leave then. The patriot in whose heart burned a quiet, steady flame dispatched a limousine to Guanabara Palace. In it was a lone passenger. Not the chief of police, nor the head of the army to enforce an order. It was the Cardinal of Brazil. Washington Luiz still refused to leave the Presidential Palace. Vargas sent the Cardinal back again. Only the servants saw the President leave as a prisoner. With the Cardinal, he rode in a closed carriage and without guards to the fort at Copacabana. A few days later he was put on board a ship bound for Europe. There he remains.

It was on October 24 that Washington Luiz was deposed as President. On November 3, a Military Junta formally turned over the government of the Brazilian Republic to the Provisional President, Getulio Vargas.

Brazil, and the world for that matter, thought the affair merely an unpleasant *coup d'état*. Statesmen in Rio raised their brows, and disdainfully tolerated the interloper who had had the audacity to invade their exclusive administrative ranks. They waited patiently for his regime to break. The year 1894 was not so far gone but that they waited for something of the fiasco of those first years of the Republic to repeat themselves under this second Provisional President.

Perhaps the chief official act that confounded the world in its attempted appraisal of the Provisional President was his repudiation of the Constitution of the Republic, and his drafting of a new one. To us of the United States, this is as serious as meddling with Holy Writ. But Brazil's Constitution is not as old as ours by one hundred and thirteen years, and never was wholly satisfactory for a Latin people. It was adapted almost word for word from our Constitution, when Brazil was proclaimed a Republic in 1889. Deodoro da Fonseca was pro-



claimed Provisional President at that time; two years later he was regularly elected President.

Those first years under the new President were about as unstable as any in Brazil's history. The Brazilians made fun of themselves and gave to the political incompetency and the financial and economical bungling the name *encilhamento*, a slurring allusion to the gambling at the casinos. Things got so out-of-hand that President da Fonseca renounced his election and turned his office over to Floriano Peixoto, who carried through under the difficulties of a revolution until 1894, when the government of the new Republic was stabilized under Prudente de Moraes.

So the world looked upon Vargas as a usurper, and as a cousin to the European brand of dictator, and regarded with apprehension all legislation that he put into effect. Diplomatic representatives from foreign countries were on the alert. Some European governments thought they saw the international bars let down to receive their propaganda, and rushed in with offers of such cultural assets as libraries for outlying cities and universities; they offered to finance schools. To their chagrin and surprise, they found their bids for favor politely but firmly refused.

Quietly the family from the pampa country of the south moved into spacious Guanabara Palace. There was no social blaze of glory in the great drawing rooms. The state dining room was closed. It was at the old royal palace on Rua do Catette that things began to hum. This rather plain building, set back only about fifty feet from the high iron fence at the sidewalk, became the busy center of Brazil's new government. Here President Vargas worked during long hours each day at the task he had set for himself. And except for the military, who frankly adored him, he worked practically alone.

Statesmen and baffled politicians in the Federal capital hin-

dered him only by their contempt. But their conjectures as to his course of government, good, bad, or indifferent, seemed to have no effect whatever on Dr. Vargas, much to their embarrassment. To their rapier thrusts of criticism, he was silent; to their scant and grudging words of praise, he was silent. He was becoming as much of an enigma to them as he had been from the beginning to the rest of the world. Whether he was friend or foe, if Vargas wanted a certain man for a particular job, he called him in and asked him to do the work. He made it plain that he was making no bid for friendship, but he did want it clearly understood that Brazil was to be served, and served well.

São Paulo, however, was not so indifferent about her political setback. For a year she nursed her wounded pride, then declared her intention of seceding from the Federation of States. In order not to call attention to her political defeat she made the excuse that she was paying sixty per cent of the Federal tax, and the state was receiving only a small percentage for her own federal projects. Vargas dispatched federal troops south to the São Paulo frontier. Brazilians have little stomach for war, and with the first casualties from real fighting they stopped to reckon bloodshed against taxes and found the price too high.

Later Rio Grande do Sul got the idea that the President whom they had sent to Rio de Janeiro was not doing all he might do for his home state, and they massed troops for an offensive against the Federal Government. Vargas sent twice the number of Federal troops to check them. Rio Grande called up more troops and moved their position. Like a silent chess player, Vargas reinforced his small army and again faced the rebels. Again this occurred, and again. Finally Rio Grande admitted defeat. Not a shot had been fired by either side. Not even a harsh word had been exchanged—chiefly because Getulio Vargas did not exchange words, harsh or otherwise.

The silence that seemed to be the President's most formidable potential weapon defies all traditions of Latin volubility. But apparently this trait developed early in life. When, as a law student in Porto Alegre, he would be sitting at a sidewalk table drinking coffee with fellow students, they amused themselves trying to catch him off guard by exclaiming over the beauty of a passing girl. Never did they stir up more than a glance and a casual yes or no as a reward for their excited, "Look, look, Getulio; isn't she a beauty!"

And the story was told of his wife's waiting one day while he received three important callers at Guanabara Palace, one after the other. Each had a different complaint, each opposing the other two. One after the other, he dismissed them with the ever-present, kindly smile and the reassuring: "Yes, yes; I can see that you have good reason for your complaint."

"Getulio," his wife began chidingly, "you have received these three men, each with complaints opposing the others, yet you let each one think he has a good reason for his complaint."

Smilingly, he replied: "Yes, my dear, you have good reason for your complaint."

This might lead one to believe that the President was a fickle thinker. Far from it. He had a pair of ears trained to listen. Stories good and bad, from people in all walks of life, poured into these ears. Statesmen and businessmen have plans, poor people and workingmen have pleas. He heard them all, and what came forth in the form of edicts was based on a digest of conditions that he learned of by listening. He was the antithesis of arrogance,, as he was the antithesis of weakness; and if he was vainglorious, only God shared his secret.

From my hotel balcony, I often saw him as he took his regular evening stroll. Always he was smoking a cigar, invariably being waylaid, always stopping for an affable chat, and

moving quietly on. Mrs. Vargas pleaded in vain against these nocturnal constitutionals, taken most often in side streets that were dimly lighted and lined with trees; secret service men constantly advised against them, against the danger of crack-pots. But the President refused to heed their precautions, refused to acknowledge any danger.

One of the very few Brazilian nationals whom Dr. Vargas imprisoned was Luiz Carlos Prestes, who started the revolution in 1924, and incidentally started Vargas on his way to Rio six years later. Prestes had a way of working slyly in the background, first in one state, then in another. The President locked him up so he would know where to find him. After nine years, during which time his sphere of influence was reduced by deportations of thousands of undesirable Europeans, he was released. But João Alberto Lins de Barros, aide to Prestes, is quite another story. Vargas did not arrest him, not even after his revolutionary activities. During the war João de Barros was Brazil's Director of Mobilization for War. Such was the Brazilian President's discerning judgment of men.

It was this definite policy of fostering all the talent and vast resources of Brazil that won the admiration and respect of those who at first silently rebelled and openly deplored the military rule and absolute power that he had vested in himself. People grew to have profound regard for his perspicacity and fearlessness in driving forward his convictions for furthering the good of Brazil. Men who differed from him could not call themselves the enemies of a man who recognized no enemies.

All this was happening in Brazil when the United States was preparing for the Olympic Games, to be held in Los Angeles in 1932. Sports promoters wondered just what they might expect from Brazil under its Provisional Government. The Provisional President probably wondered, too, just what he



could do toward sending a delegation of contestants under the rigid economy he had established in order to pull the country's finances out of the red.

He had already begun on this campaign of economy by halting the sacrifice of coffee on the funeral pyres of trade. So he told Brazil's sports promoters that if they could make the trip on coffee, they had his consent and best wishes. I was on the docks at San Pedro, California, to meet the Brazilian Navy cruiser, "Itaquece," on the morning of July 28—two days before the Games were to open in the Los Angeles Colosseum. The decks of the cruiser that had come through the Panama Canal and up our West Coast were gay with athletes, newspapermen, and photographers. The holds of the ship were bulging with green coffee.

My first eager question, following the hubbub of greetings, concerned the new government. I was frankly taken aback by the casual manner in which my query was tossed aside. Even when I brought up the subject later, I was given no momentous news of dark political unrest. Their casual, "Everything is going quite smoothly," was decidedly unsatisfactory. I had expected to get close to a highly interesting political situation, and found myself as far off as ever.

Vargas went after unscrupulous business practices with the same fearlessness that he applied to political issues. Several years ago, the lure of installment buying was introduced into the poorer homes of Brazil, in both town and country. During the lean years when all the world suffered from the general financial depression, many buyers were forced to relinquish their purchases when they were all but paid for. Instances of this injustice reached the sympathetic ears of the President, who, although he was dictator to forty millions of people, was also an indulgent husband and father. So he forbade the repossession of goods that were more than fifty per cent paid for.



Business bayed at the moon. Vargas stood his ground. Finally a law was enacted making it compulsory for a merchant or agent to refund payments for purchases, with a reasonable deduction for wear, if he repossessed goods.

I was in Brazil in 1937-38, arriving in October (there, a spring month), when equinoctial winds were bringing chilly rains to supplant the brief daily showers. I found political interest centered on the national elections due in January. Although Getulio Vargas had taken over the office of President by a military coup in 1930, he had stood for proper election at the polls in 1934, and had had practically no opposition. Now he was to stand for a second four-year term by election.

It was unscrupulous meddling with the direct vote of the people that had brought the forthright Dr. Vargas into the presidency. It was his duty to see that shady practices were not revived. However, a new threat to the welfare of Brazil had arisen. It was the monster of Fascism, which had reached across the Atlantic. In Brazil, its adherents called themselves the "Green Shirts." Their official title was the *Ação Integralista Brasileira*.

No one knew exactly what their strength was. They held their meetings in scattered places, with no large attendance at any one; but they had an able leader in Dr. Plinio Salgado, an attorney of acknowledged ability. They were particularly active in the organization of youth movements of all kinds, making membership very attractive to boys, and even girls, of the teen ages.

It was discovered that they had a boys' organization comparable to the Boy Scouts; they had elementary schools under their own guidance; they had free milk stations, free dental and medical clinics, trade schools, libraries, classes in advanced political economy, corporative law, national history, sociology

and philosophy, and centers for sports and physical culture. They had the youth well in hand. They reckoned smugly that the future of Brazil would be theirs.

There is a municipal regulation in Rio prohibiting street parades of a demonstrative nature. I, a visitor, was scarcely less surprised than the residents when, on a cool November morning, the children of the *Integralistas* were seen gaily parading through certain thoroughfares of the downtown area. Brazilians are fond of children and are openly indulgent, so surprise ended in smiles that were tinged only with wonder.

Previous to this, an incident had occurred that had the flavor of Latin fervor and, although frowned upon, had passed as little more than an unpleasantness. It seems that a reputable citizen had seen the error of his ways in identifying himself with the *Integralistas*, and had asked permission to withdraw from the organization. He was granted this privilege.

But that night, he was enticed from his home by a ruse and driven five miles out of the city to Tijuca Mountain. There at the site of a beautiful little artificial lake, he was pounced upon by men he could not recognize in the dark, stripped, and thrown in the lake. High altitudes even in the tropics can develop a penetrating chill at night. Wandering in the dripping fog, not daring to seek shelter because of his nakedness, he was a case for the hospital when he was found the next day. The military police, evidently taking their cue from their silent Chief Administrator, said nothing, nor were any arrests made. But—the beautiful little artificial lake was promptly drained as a disciplinary measure.

This incident, however, took on a darker hue the day the children paraded, and a still darker one a few days later. I was sitting in my room at the hotel when I caught the strains of a lively march, coming nearer and nearer. I could tell it was played by a band of some size, and with excellent training.

Just as I stepped out on the balcony, I could see a long line of Green Shirts, two abreast, worming up the avenue. As far as I could see, they stretched down the street.

I was appalled when I saw them cross Rua do Catette and turn boldly up the palm-bordered Rua Larangeiras. For near where Rua das Larangeiras turns on to Rua Pinheiro Machado is Guanabara Palace, then the home of President Vargas. They were marching with buoyant precision, chins high, arms swinging. I hurried out, and walked with discreet haste along the sidewalk in the shade of the tall royal palms.

There on the lawn of the terraced Palace grounds stood the President. He just stood there, calmly watching. As the column swung left and passed the Palace the men gave him their raised-arm salute. He did not return it. Nor did he leave until the last of the long column had passed.

The *Integralistas* were radiant, and boasted official recognition. It had not dawned on them that they had been actually invited out to reveal their numerical strength!

The next day Plinio Salgado opened headquarters directly across the street from the Military Barracks and hung out a banner announcing his candidacy for the office of president. It is well known throughout Brazil that whoever controls the army controls Brazil; and while it was also well known that President Vargas was popular with all the defense forces of the country, it is always possible to undermine any sentiment. A prominent Brazilian said to me: "Heaven help us if Vargas loses control of the army."

At midnight on November 10, at the end of three anxious days when no word whatever had come from the Presidential offices in the old Rua Catette Palace, Getulio Vargas calmly told the forty millions of his countrymen that the January elections were canceled, that he had suspended Congress, that all political parties were dissolved—this was aimed directly

at the *Integralistas*—and that the country was again temporarily under military rule.

I went into town the next morning to see what effect the edict would have on business generally. A few squads of soldiers were moving quietly about; there were guards around the Legislative buildings, and armed guards also stood at the four corners of the massive gray Treasury Building where shades were drawn and doors barred.

It was a hot day. I was walking down Rua São Jose, and when I crossed Rua da Misericórdia I went to the other side of the street to get in the shade of the venerable old gray stone Camarados Deputados (House of Representatives). Just as I put one foot on the narrow sidewalk, the armed guard at the corner of the building spoke to me. Not understanding Portuguese unless I have a vague idea of what I expect to be said, I smilingly pointed toward the hot sun, and then to the inviting shade, and serenely turned to go on my way.

He was a well-trained guard. I never saw greater grace and precision than he used when he stepped in front of me; nor have I ever been more surprised than when I found myself looking at the blue point of his steel bayonet. My astonishment must have been amusing, for his grimness melted to a touch-and-go smile as he waved me across the street. It required all the heat of a tropical sun to thaw the chill that had numbed my spine!

It was on the same morning that I was wandering around seeing what a great metropolis looks like when it is suddenly put under military rule, that a nervous man went to seek an interview with President Vargas. I am told that any one could see the President, but I've always wondered if Plinio Salgado was not a bit surprised that he was smilingly received by the Chief Executive who was now again a Military Dictator.

He, Dr. Salgado, already had come out in the press with an



apology for "the regrettable activities of the only recently organized department of politics." He declared to the President that this department never had intended to take any part in elections, but was organized to safeguard the members of the *Ação Integralistas Brasileira* from persecution by those opposed to the AIB's anti-suffrage policy.

The green-shirted "Fuehrer" went on to say that the AIB would continue to function in accordance with Article 132 of the new Constitution; this regulated associations of approved worth in serving the public welfare. He got no answer from Vargas and went away more nervous than when he had come, which was what the Chief Executive intended. A man who is worried is harmless.

Speculation was rife as to the arrest and imprisonment of Dr. Salgado, possibly his exile with Washington Luiz. He had returned only a short time previous from a visit in Italy, where he had been lavishly entertained. In his emotional impulsiveness he had been much impressed with the virtues of Fascism. But he was known throughout Brazil as a man of intellect and high ideals. No doubt President Vargas considered these fine traits of the man's character. Perhaps he knew that these very traits had been the means of getting him into his position as head of the *Integralistas* by pressure of undercover forces.

At any rate it was only a few days after this that the President sent for Salgado, and offered him the portfolio of Minister of Education. To alleviate Salgado's imminent heart failure he added, "Then you could close your schools of the *Ação Integralistas Brasileira*."

Dr. Salgado leaned across the table to the always affable Dr. Vargas and said nervously, "You close them, Getulio; you close them."

So the Green Shirt schools were closed, and the little matter of the proposed portfolio was dropped.



Concerning this matter of schools in general—Dr. Vargas is of the Roman Catholic faith, but how far he has strayed from Vatican influence is attested by the fact that he worshipped in a Protestant church in Rio Grande do Sul, and two of his sons are named, respectively, after Martin Luther and John Calvin. The former, Luthero, selected the colleges of the United States for his advanced courses of study in engineering.

During President Vargas' regime, the Roman Catholic prelates and dignitaries were a little disappointed that they had small success in swaying legislation, and bending the President to the will of the Pope. Church and State were separated in 1889, and the President evidently was satisfied to keep them entirely apart. Although he pushed the Church out of State affairs, he was on the warmest terms with Cardinal Leme, the Pope's appointee in Rio.

The President had a faculty for going after illnesses of the state, much as if he were a doctor of medicine, instead of law. In November, 1937, he administered castor oil to Brazil, but with such pomp and ceremony that it seemed like honey. Dr. Vargas, like any good physician, did not ask the patient what he'd prefer as medicine. He used whatever remedy he thought would effect the quickest and surest cure.

It had been well known for some time that Brazil was suffering from interstate rivalries. High taxes and trade restrictions were seriously interfering with domestic commerce. The states of São Paulo and Minas Geraes were always piling up trade and political grudges. Rio Grande do Sul was joining in this game. Santa Catharina and Paraná were being squeezed. Baía, to the north, was complaining that she was not getting her share of Federal funds for development projects.

On a balmy Spring morning in November, I was on my way downtown in Rio, when my taxi was stopped at Largo da Gloria because of some kind of gay military maneuvers. I

dismissed the taxi, and climbed a few flights of steep steps to a point of vantage on Gloria Hill. I saw Infantry and Marines, and red and gold, high-capped-and-plumed Cavalry, drawn up on three sides of a square that faced a high altarlike structure. Girls of high-school age, carrying the flags of the twenty Brazilian states, stood in formation within this hollow square.

A bugle sounded. A military officer and his aide advanced to an immense urn, set on a waist-high pedestal. Slowly the first girl advanced. She dipped her flag over the urn that was set on the pedestal. Deftly the aide ripped the colors off the staff, and handed the state banner to the officer. The officer folded it, not precisely in even folds, but gently, as one would handle something rare and beautiful. He laid it in the urn. Gasoline was poured on it. A match was applied. There was a sudden smudge of smoke, a quick burst of flame. The flag was gone. There was dead silence.

A second girl advanced, lowered her colors over the urn. A third—a fourth—until the twentieth flag had been ripped from its staff, folded tenderly but resolutely, and deposited in the iron urn. Awe had held the vast concourse of people absolutely speechless. Men stood with faces grimly set. I happened to be standing next to a man I knew, a man high in national affairs. His face was white.

"This surely is the supreme test of our President's power," he said in words scarcely audible.

Then the covering over the improvised altar was rolled back. There, suspended from the top, was a huge Brazilian flag. The shades of green and gold were the precise shades of the trees of the Largo in full bloom. Cardinal Leme asked a blessing on the national emblem. A muffled cheer rose as he finished, then died in echoing waves as the military band struck up the national anthem. The regimental detachments presented arms.

A bugle blared forth its clear notes. Cavalry horses wheeled in perfect formation, the wind caught the red plumes on the high-crowned cavalry caps, the sun sparkled on the gold braid as they dashed down the Avenida Beira Mar, with the rattle of drums at their heels.

In ten minutes, the Largo was silent. The crowd had melted away in three directions. The morning breeze drifted across the blue waters of the Bay, whispering through the trees that had witnessed this stirring drama. "Courageous," "daring," were the words heard in the streets of Rio. No comment came from the various states. No comment came from the President. Perhaps Getulio Vargas has taught Brazil the precious art of silence, which we all might well emulate! Silence and bombast! But the Largo da Gloria on the shady Praia do Russell has a story that will be told and retold in Brazilian history.

A minor bit of history that touches us in the United States took place a few days after the burning of the state flags. It was the dedication of the first of the new *praças* to be created by the recently appointed City Engineer. On Thanksgiving Day, November 25, 1937, Brazilian and American dignitaries gathered in a newly laid out *praça*, not far from the American Embassy, and in a brief ceremony named the *praça* "Estados Unidos da America do Norte."

Then, while a military band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," a small statue, modeled after the Statue of Liberty, was unveiled. The statue was given to Brazil several years ago, but had lain in the Customs House because no one could suggest an appropriate place to set it up. Now when visitors to Brazil arrive by air, and taxi from the airport via Avenida Presidente Wilson, they will pass by this token of our friendship for the Brazilian people.

In all the city of Rio de Janeiro, there is not another location that compliments us as much as this spot designated as the

Praça Estados Unidos da America do Norte. It is in the part of the city that teems in historical and romantic interest.

President Vargas took a long look down the road ahead in the matter of education for the youth of Brazil. There had been considerable criticism throughout Brazil concerning the growing domination of the Roman church in education. How far could they go in their campaign for furthering parochial schools before they were restrained by edict?

Dr. Vargas took the dynamic Dr. Roquette Pinto out of the National Museum of History and Science, where he had served brilliantly as Curator for a number of years, gave him the newly created portfolio of Minister of Social Education, and put him in charge of a national broadcasting schedule known as the *Serviço de Rádiodifusão Educativa*.

This service broadcasts radio lessons in mathematics, physics, literature, art, music, and travel, daily from five to six in the evening. The courses, arranged by grade, are designed for the benefit of children of all ages. However, the students also include adults who have been denied schooling in earlier years. Anyone is welcome to listen, learn, and compete for the many prizes offered each year for outstanding work. That the opportunity is seized by thousands is evidenced by the innumerable examination papers submitted from the various districts, designated as they are according to approximated population throughout the entire Republic.

The broadcast is known affectionately as *Hora da Tia Lucia* (Aunt Lucy's Hour), and there are five Aunt Lucys. Five young women were selected with such care that it is impossible for the listeners to tell which one is broadcasting, so that pupils assume there is but one beloved Aunt Lucy.

Even off the air, the voices of these five girls have the same sympathetic modulation, the same clarity of diction and enun-



ciation, and the same pitch and tonal quality; and they are all young—I should say about twenty-five or twenty-six, which is young for the highly specialized work they are doing.

I wanted to see who was profiting by these school broadcasts, so one afternoon at five o'clock I walked along a modest street listening for Aunt Lucy's voice. Presently I caught it. Very slowly, I loitered past an open doorway that was, as usual, flush with the sidewalk. In a rear patio I could see at least twenty people gathered around the radio, people of all ages, men, women, and children—all quiet and attentive, many with pencils and writing pads. Later, I found that in outlying districts, among poor people, several families had clubbed together for the purchase of a radio, and each student was working hard for one of the coveted annual prizes.

I was present at one of the annual celebrations when the prize awards are made at the grand Municipal Theatre. Students had been notified in advance that a prize awaited them. The auditorium was filled with winners and their families. A man received the highest award for general work, which was a fine radio; a boy of fourteen received second in this class, and smiled all over his bright face when he got a bicycle; a little girl was speechless when she was given a big doll in a cradle that opened its eyes when she picked it up.

On and on for hours went the awards of prizes of every description. All were of value, and all were contributed by the merchants of Rio. Because I was a stranger, sitting with the radio dignitaries on the stage, many of the children, each acting on his own initiative, came to pay his or her respects to me. Boys shook hands gravely, bowed low as they spoke some pretty greeting, and gravely kissed my hand. The girls shyly kissed my cheek, and fluttered away with half-said greetings of endearment. But with all the hundreds of children of all ages in that great auditorium, there was not a loud or boisterous



word spoken during the entire afternoon. As their names were called, they took their places in the long double row in the center aisle which moved smoothly and with utmost decorum to the stage, and off again. Hundreds more who could not be present had heard the announcements of their awards on the air; prizes to the absentees would later be posted to every state of the vast Republic.

In addition to these study courses, the facilities of the *Serviço de Rádiodifusão Educativa* are used to broadcast cultural programs from the Municipal Theatre. So the finest concerts by visiting artists are available to the student listeners, as are also the performances of Rio's symphony orchestra and local light opera. Besides this, during the five o'clock study hour, students are often addressed by artists of national reputation—authors, poets, composers, painters, and sculptors, who are proud to contribute their talents to the comprehensive program of Dr. Pinto. Work based on these specialty broadcasts is given equal credit with the work of the regular study courses.

Dr. Vargas recently stepped down from his high office after fifteen years of service to Brazil. But he did not leave his office discredited. His abrupt removal was primarily a matter of pride of the people. They felt that they were being put in a bad light nationally by bowing year after year to a president-dictator, however commendable his administration, and they put an end to it in the typical Latin manner. Yet his name and works will prove an inspiration to his country for generations to come, and history will accord him the honors due a man high on Brazil's long list of patriots.

## CHAPTER XII

### NATURAL RESOURCES

**B**RAZIL DECLARES that if her idle acres were brought into full production, she could feed the entire Western Hemisphere. This is a legitimate boast, but there's a joker in it; the "if" is larger than appears in the simple statement—very much larger indeed. Aside from the jungle country, there are thousands of acres of small *tabuleiros* (tablelands) and great stretches of larger *planaltos*, or highlands, which appear fecund, but which are absolutely devoid of soil values. Heavy rains have washed their earth clean of plant nourishment. Even decaying rock deposits that provide plant minerals have been washed out of the ground. Consequently there is left barely enough sustenance for the virgin covering of *catinga*, a scrub growth fit only for goat forage, and upon which goats thrive.

However, scientists say that when erosion is controlled and the land is built up with soil foods, and seasonal planting is strictly observed, this land will grow abundant crops of anything that can dodge or survive the downpours of the rainy season and the burning droughts of the dry season. For the climate is sufficiently tropical to grow coffee, cotton, or any of a dozen remunerative crops. But with their wealth of land, the Brazilians are the last to worry about reclaiming poor soil.

From one end of Brazil to the other, the farmer raises cattle, corn, beans and other vegetables, and fruits. Except for cattle, he seldom has anything to sell because he seldom has transportation to markets. And it is a wide jump from this small farmer to the wealthy *fazendeiro* who invests thousands of

*cruzeiros* in a specialized, market crop. Between these two extremes there does not exist the teeming little farm with locally organized marketing facilities, characteristic of our own rural districts.

The price of land naturally dictates the crop to the investor. Coffee land, for example, is too valuable for bananas or coconuts, which grow just as well on poorer soils. So when coffee became a glut on the market, a coffee grower had to possess the courage of desperation to pull up the coffee trees on his expensive acres and start from scratch with a crop that will require from one to six years to make a cash return. Bananas are the surest one-year crop, providing the planter can beat off the bats; coconuts, on the other hand, do not yield under six or seven years. Even coconut planting is a hazard, for it takes a war to bring the price of copra into the profit class.

The State of Baía has been letting her coffee plantings decrease for the past several years in favor of cocoa beans, and this state now grows ninety per cent of Brazil's cocoa. In Baía, *mamona* also is crowding out coffee. And following this lead, planters in the states of Minas Geraes and Pará, and even some in rich-soiled São Paulo, are putting in hundreds of acres of *mamoneiro* groves, for it has been found that oil from this castor bean is the finest lubricant known for airplanes.

Brazil is longer than the United States is wide. She spreads across the Equator and far south into the Temperate Zone. Her southern states have a climate comparable to an east-and-west belt through the center of the United States, except that the long slender point that forms the southern part of Brazil is fanned by the cool Atlantic breezes and the summers lack the mugginess of our interior areas.

So it is easy to see why every known food crop is raised in the diversified and variable climate of Brazil's twenty states, and why such staples as corn and beans are common through-

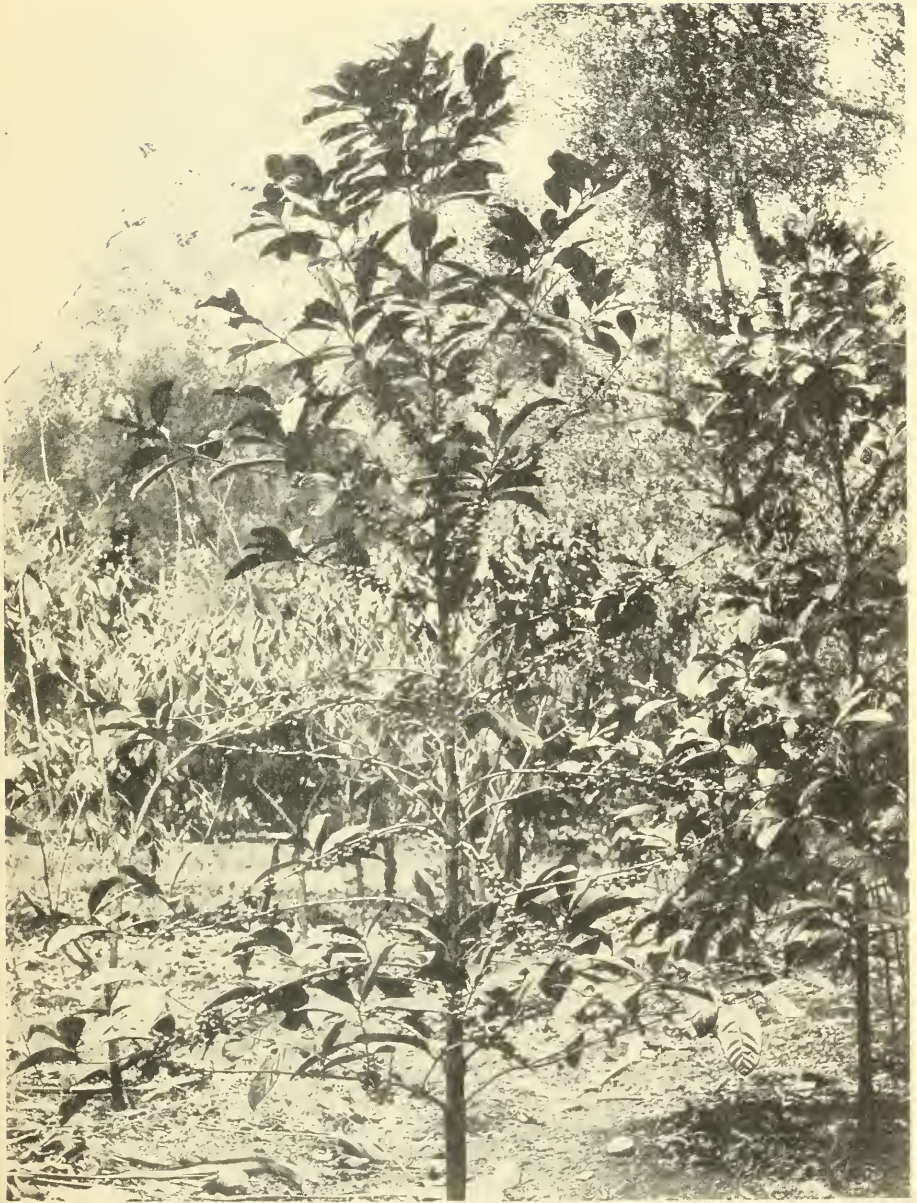
out. Wheat, rye, and potatoes are southern crops; tangerines, limes, coconuts, cacao, and the most delicious oranges found anywhere in the world are produced in the north. Until one has eaten the oranges raised in Baía, one does not know how good a good orange can be. Our California oranges come from this stock, but so far we have not approached the flavor of the original. Horticulturists say it is the soil that makes the difference.

The limes of Baía have a mild quality that gives them a smooth sourness, delightfully thirst quenching. It was chiefly from Baía that the early 'round-the-Horn sailing ships used to take on all the limes available in each port. The three or four months' journey around the stormy tip of South America required large quantities of this antiscorbutic fruit.

As in all tropical countries the bananas that we relish here are used exclusively for cooking. Boiled green with the skins on, they take the place of potatoes. They grow everywhere, in dooryards and in the *mato* quite as well as in fields. Riding out in the country, on trails that seem to lead to nowhere over the hills, one always comes across someone bringing in a huge stem of green bananas. Usually there are two boys on a mule. I have watched them many times, the youngsters patiently edging their reluctant mount up under a banana stalk until they have him close enough so that the heavy stem of fruit will fall across his back when it is cut. No mule seems to anticipate this with pleasure.

Small bananas, more delicately flavored and of finer texture, are grown commercially in great quantities and shipped to near by markets in Uruguay and Argentina. Sometimes the export business is so profitable that it is difficult to get the best of these in the local markets. However, there is the pale little water banana, the *d'água*, which does not keep, so it always is available.





*H. S. Duperly photo*

A coffee tree





*Brazilian Gov't Trade Bureau photo*

Cotton picking in São Paulo

After one has eaten pineapple in Brazil, one never can enjoy imported fruit again. The fruit is so golden clear that the pattern of the plate shows plainly through the inch-thick, lengthwise slice. It is like eating a slice of yellow honey. There is no tough fiber; it actually melts in the mouth, and the Brazilian fruit is sweeter than that of Hawaii. But, alas, the luscious pineapple is a fifth columnist for malaria unless one is thoroughly acclimated to the tropics.

Strangely enough, the Brazilian cherimoyas lack the creamy custard quality of those grown in Chile and Peru. These, with mangosteens, are my favorite tropical fruits; and a cherimoya grown anywhere is delicious. On the other hand, the Brazilian sapote is the best I know. The candylike layers, inside the rough and unattractive skin, are a real food. Many times while riding out in the *mato* I have lunched on a few sapotes and an orange, and felt that I had eaten a satisfying meal. These are more seasonal than most tropical fruits and are plentiful only in the late fall of May and June.

The first time I went to Brazil I had malaria. My senior brother insisted I should eat as a preventive the papaya, or *mamão* as it is known there, that has a distinct turpentine flavor. It might have worked, but after a decisive demonstration of gastric resentment, he agreed I'd better get along on quinine and black coffee and enjoy the *mamão* without the turpentine. It is a fine thing to know that Mother Nature stands ready with a cure for the ills of man if one's stomach is not fastidious.

The Brazilians have one staple of food that I wish we could have here at home—this is manioc or, as the Portuguese call it, *mandioca*. It is a tuber that they grind coarsely, brown in butter, and serve with beans or any vegetable or meat that has a gravy to be absorbed. I am told that it has not the nourishing qualities of rice, potatoes, or wheat; yet no Brazilian meal is

complete without a large dish of this golden brown *mandioca* in the middle of the table.

Astonishingly, this most palatable food is rank poison before it is processed and the prussic acid removed. Newcomers often are poisoned, but fortunately they seldom eat enough to make them more than desperately ill.

The crop returns per acre exceed those of potatoes or grains, so planting is encouraged, but in order to absorb production, a law has been passed making it obligatory for bakers to use a certain amount of *mandioca* flour in their breads; however, bread made entirely of this flour is forbidden because it lacks nourishing qualities. People of the north who use *mandioca* to the exclusion of other starches become undernourished and anemic.

The Jamaicans and Cubans claim that their manioc, or *manihot*, is the same as that of Brazil. It does not taste the same, although the difference may be in the preparation. But the base they use for their delicious pepper-pot dishes has no relation to the dry, crisp *mandioca* of the Brazilian table.

Now Brazil has gone in for planting *mandioca* in a big way. It has been discovered that the lowly tuber produces a fine motor alcohol to mix with gasoline. In a motor-minded country, suddenly shut off from imports during the war, they eagerly accepted any fuel that would make a car run. Consequently they diluted one gallon of gasoline with three or four gallons of alcohol and got a mileage equal to that provided by about two-thirds that amount of pure gasoline. So coffee growers planted double rows of *mandioca* between the aristocratic trees of green gold that carpet the sides of the low hills which roll endlessly like an undulating, laughing prairie, for both crops appreciate good drainage.

Ever since the slaves were freed in 1888, Brazil has had



trouble in getting her true Portuguese sons out on the land. Now, and for fifteen years past, she is definitely coaxing them out with scientific methods and machinery as bait. The Federal Government will supply machinery to be paid for on the installment plan, will furnish selected seeds, grafts, and seedlings, and furnish expert advice on what to plant in various soils. And if his crop becomes infested with pests or plant diseases, a doctor is furnished for the ailing crop.

Nine specific Federal bureaus and departments aid the farmer: (1) *Serviço de Fomento da Produção Vegetal*, Encouragement of Vegetable Production Service; (2) *Diretoria de Ensino Agrícola*, Directorate of Agricultural Education; (3) *Serviço de Fruticultura*, Orchard Service; (4) *Serviço de Plantas Texteis*, Fibre-Producing Plants Service; (5) *Serviço de Defesa Sanitária Vegetal*, Vegetable Sanitary Defense Service; (6) *Serviço de Irrigação, Reflorestamento e Colonização*, Irrigation, Reforestation and Colonization Service; (7) *Serviço Técnico do Café*, Coffee Technical Service; (8) *Instituto de Química Agrícola*, Institute of Agricultural Chemistry; (9) *Instituto de Biologia Vegetal*, Institute of Vegetable Biology.

This last, the Institute of Vegetable Biology, is installed in the erstwhile pride of my heart, the famed and once gorgeously beautiful Botanical Gardens of Rio. Not being a prospective Brazilian *fazendeiro*, I walked sadly through the ample grounds searching out beauties I had known.

Mycological and phytopathological museums, and other exhibits that contribute to bigger and better crops, have taken the place of the rare flowers and shrubs and flowering tropical trees that were almost completely destroyed by inundation during a prolonged rain a few years ago. Sand and silt washed down from the precipitous sides of Mt. Corcovado and buried everything under two and three feet of earth. Only the impos-

ing avenue of stately royal palms remains of the Garden's past glory.

It was her vast, idle resources that tempted the Brazilian government in 1910 to accept a proposal from the Japanese government to supply laborers, and she designated farm laborers specifically, to reclaim once fertile acres now lying fallow. Settlement on these acres, already cleared, in the states of Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, and Minas Geraes, was specifically designated by Brazil, who agreed to refund each man his third-class passage from Japan, and to pay a bonus of approximately twenty-five hundred dollars for each colony of fifty families or over. The Japanese came, thousands of them, each claiming his passage money from the Brazilian Government as he docked, his belongings tied up in bundles, his shoulders bent, his clothes indicative of low position.

Alas, those fertile acres, over which I rode, are still lying fallow in the sun and rain. The Japanese had definite ideas about where they wanted to go, and after they had insisted for five years, the Brazilian Government granted them the territory along the coast at Iguape, which is about a hundred miles south of the important port of Santos.

Brazil sensed the fact that some skulduddery was afoot, but a Quisling in the legislative halls put the concession through Congress, and the Japanese "farmers" started on the Herculean task of clearing and draining one of the worst areas along the coast. The rest is a story of years of contemptible intrigue. "Farmers" developed into surveying engineers, construction experts, and road builders; "fishermen" were disguised geodetic surveyors; and "storekeepers" were sly military and naval officers. Even as early as 1911, any housewife whose husband held a high position in public utilities could get a most proficient Japanese servant for a nominal wage.



For twenty-five years Brazil countenanced growing Nipponese arrogance and aggression—each succeeding president of the Republic hesitating to defy Tokyo—holding to the precepts of international honor, yet knowing full well that she was dealing with a people who were making a football of this high principle. In the meantime, Peru was having the same trouble, the Japanese “farmers” choosing their own so-called agricultural sites, and making only a feint at cultivating the sugar-beet lands specifically stipulated by the Peruvian Government.

Then came the redoubtable President Getulio Vargas. Grimly and silently he set to work pulling several chestnuts out of the fires of Brazilian politics. When he got around to the Japanese situation in 1937, one of the first things he did was to close something over three hundred schools that were teaching exclusively in Japanese, and exclusively Japanese subjects. The schools withdrew to secret sessions in hideouts. Arrests began on a large scale and the police have been busy ever since.

Among many innovations designed to benefit the people at large, President Vargas instituted a measure making it mandatory for every foreign firm doing business in Brazil to employ a certain percentage of Brazilian help. The Japanese had openly disregarded this. When the police undertook to enforce observance of the measure the wily Orientals turned all their employees into dividend-drawing partners.

Such tricks only sharpened police and military vigilance, and when I was recently in Brazil the Japanese were being cleared away from their coveted strategical positions, regardless of Tokyo's vehement protest, and leaders were being arrested by the hundreds. “Farmers” turned out to be everything short of admirals and brigadier-generals. At this time I watched Japanese ships tied up for days at a time to the steaming docks at Santos, while cabled messages flew back and forth to Tokyo because captains could not get clearance papers until they had

taken on cargoes of coffee. President Vargas was shaking his fist under Hirohito's nose and getting away with it.

However, the latest influx of foreigners in Brazil came from our own United States of America when the New Deal government in Washington handed our Southern cotton industry over to the Latin Republic. This came just at a time when the coffee market was so glutted that growers were watching their crops go up in great clouds of yellow smoke, or being dumped into the Atlantic Ocean to relieve the overtaxed warehouses in Santos. In the grounds of the Minas Geraes State Agricultural College, trucks rumbled steadily for seven months, bringing coffee to be burned so the ashes would be available for fertilizer.

It is well known that coffee devastates the land more rapidly than any other crop; and no fertilizer has been found that will rehabilitate the soil in reverse ratio to its depletion. But it has been proved that outworn coffee land will produce a bumper crop of cotton. It is not surprising that Brazil thanks us heartily for a munificent Christmas gift. "White gold," they call their new crop.

So cotton brokers from Texas through to Alabama followed their market south of the Equator; while the unfortunate planters from Texas to Alabama had to accept a dole for the furrows of cotton they were forced by edict from Washington to plow under.

The acres I formerly saw in coffee trees are now in cotton, and wave upon wave of coffee fields have pushed westward across the rolling hills farther than the eye can see. On the new ground, which is freshly cleared, virgin soil, the trees grow to a height of twenty feet, with slender branches weighted to the ground with berries.

And cotton on the old coffee fields is producing such crops as astonish even the planters themselves; and from the small beginning of eighty thousand bales in 1932, the crop rose to

one million one hundred thousand in 1937. There has been a steady, although slower, increase ever since. The three-mile-long, rat-proof docks at Santos soon will be handling as much cotton as coffee, and at half the expense.

Were it not for the five cotton pests that Brazil has to fight, it's hard to tell where this production would soar to. By dusting with an insecticide by airplane, our Southern planters were able to control the boll weevil. Brazil has five enemies that are equally devastating. Besides the Alabama leaf worm, she has the pink boll weevil that eats the unripe pods of cotton; she has the sauva ant, and the stink bug; and, worst of all, the *broca da raiz*, or root borer, that attacks the root and reveals its presence only when the plant is dying. Thus far, no method has been worked out by scientists to rid the ground of this killing pest.

The Brazilian government, however, did not sit calmly and let our cotton brokers take over this highly lucrative business. When a discouraging tax failed to halt their influx, a bill was passed in 1936 requiring each foreign broker to have a Brazilian partner. A law already had been passed requiring fifty per cent of the broker's office force to be Brazilians. That didn't matter; the usual office force was entirely Brazilian. But the partnership requirement did put a crimp in the ambitions of Americans in the brokerage business. This new edict, however, did not apply to those who were already established, and whose licenses had been approved by the government. There were some very happy Americans strutting around in São Paulo, with their preferential licenses for a brokerage business that they could see increasing to superopulence.

Now Brazilian cotton is shipped to twenty-five different countries—including the *United States of America*, India, and China—that manufacture cotton goods. I must confess I suffered a stabbing sensation around the region of my heart as I stood

on an eminence in the state of São Paulo where I could look over thousands of acres of billowing, soft-green cotton fields only a few months after I had passed through our sorrily restricted cotton plantings in Texas and Louisiana. Men out of work, gins idle, sharecroppers on the dole, and planters cashing Treasury notes!

However, previous to this Christmas present of the cotton industry from the United States, President Vargas had decided that the coffee market of Brazil was no longer a Federal football to be kicked about by price restrictions maintained for trade reciprocity. One of the chief reasons was that the coffee planters of Colombia had been quick to take advantage of Brazil's export restrictions, and were selling their coffee for a good price, while Brazil was burning hers or dumping it in the Atlantic Ocean.

Colombia's limited fields never had been able to compete with the vast areas of Brazil; consequently she had no export restrictions. She saw her opening and doubled and trebled her production. And she asked, and received, better prices for her coffee than Brazil was getting, although Colombia coffee always has held second place to Brazil's best grades. So the quiet Brazilian President said, "We will sell our coffee at a fair price to every market available." And, as I said before, the quickest and surest way for a ship to get clearance papers in Santos is to take on at least a good portion of her cargo in coffee. And since it is good business for a ship to clear a port as quickly as possible, it is good business to take on a cargo of coffee at Santos. Not that this is mandatory in any sense, you must understand. It is just good business.

And by way of picking off a few plums for our American engineers, the loading facilities of the Santos docks were planned and executed by Milnor Roberts. They are a compli-



cated system of electric conveyors that resemble robots. They reach out long arms and make the coffee bags climb up their "shoulders" and into the holds of any of fifty ships that may be tied up to the docks.

Coffee bags weigh about one hundred and forty pounds each, and are so tied that two short ears project at the top, so as they crawl up the conveyor's steel arms, they look like so many fat pigs as they hump along, bobbing over the clicking switches on the broad rubber bands.

The Santos Coffee Exchange, known as the *Bolsa Official do Café*, is proud of an unblemished business record that dates from its organization in 1914, although it was not officially sanctioned by the State of São Paulo until 1917. This pride is especially justified since the Bolsa weathered all the adversities of the lean years that put many such business organizations on the rocks. It is a corporation made up of the wealthy coffee men of Santos; each is required to post a bond of twenty million reis, and in addition to this measure for safe investment, the State of São Paulo is responsible for forty per cent of its liabilities.

No foreigner can belong to the Bolsa. It is strictly for Brazilians. And no Brazilian with the slightest splotch on his business escutcheon can become a member of this dignified company. Once a member, he cannot engage in any other business. However, once a member he has no need for other financial ventures; and he probably was wealthy to begin with. Many of the younger members coming in now—and a man is eligible for a seat at the age of twenty-one—are sons of members.

But it is not a playboy job for a wealthy son of an indulgent father. At the daily roll call of the Bolsa, every member must answer the usual, "*Presente*," or be subject to a fine; although he is permitted to have a subordinate answer for him a reason-



able number of times. But, as in school, one has to have a good excuse. The sessions have all the formality of a meeting of the Senate and an attendance comparable to that of the Brazilian House of Representatives. The proceedings are in Portuguese, so I missed the drama that I would have found otherwise.

The building is beautiful. It is circular and has a dome that gives it a cathedrallike appearance. Inside, the floor of inlaid marble is the most beautiful feature, the soft colors and geometrical designs harmonizing with the semicircle of dark high-backed chairs placed in a double row on a slight elevation. Stained-glass windows suffuse the large hall with a soft light, enhancing the richness of the paintings on the walls.

But the Bolsa and the narrow Rua 15th of November must have been very quiet during the war. The resonant and dignified "*Fechadol*!" that declared each deal closed was heard less often, both within the echoing walls of the building and on the street. The oldtime milling about on the narrow street, closed to vehicular traffic during trading hours from midforenoon to midafternoon, settled into a leisurely exchange of preliminary sparring for prices, and few deals are closed on these first bids, which used to be considered plums by both buyers and sellers. The rich European market was all but gone. There was no export to the Scandinavian countries, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, the greatest coffee-drinking countries outside of Brazil, where the coffee pot sets all day on the back of the cookstove, ready at any hour to refresh men and women who come in out of the cold and the wet. This comfort was denied them through the awful months of tragedy and suffering. The Brazilian Government, in order to relieve glutted warehouses, destroyed more than seventy-five millions of precious bags of coffee!

The Bolsa is strong, it will survive; the wealthy growers

have unlimited resources besides their coffee fields; but it is the small grower who suffers financial hardships.

The Brazilian *fazendeiro* will turn to other crops, as our farmers have had to do during these uncertain years of attempted government control. But losing one or two crops and starting on a new venture with nothing, takes the courage which belongs peculiarly to the farmer, that faith in the land that sustains through adversity the man who sows and plants in the rich furrows of his soil.

## CHAPTER XIII

### DRAINING THE RIVER

FOR SCOPE AND magnitude of undertaking, nothing of its kind in the world can approach the Brazilian project of draining the lowlands that extend for more than fifty miles northward from Rio de Janeiro, and half as far to the south and west. By comparison, Mussolini's much-advertised project of draining the Pontine marshes on the coast of the Tyrrhenian Sea south of Rome, is dwarfed to nihility. The Italian achievement was a matter of five hundred and fifty square kilometers, while the Brazilian undertaking covers seventeen thousand square kilometers. Brazil is not heralding her accomplishment, though already the combined length of the streams that she has cleared and drained approximates the distance from New York to San Francisco; and this represents only about one-fourth of the entire enterprise.

A hundred years ago this vast swamp land represented colonial Brazil's chief agrarian wealth. Upon these rich acres lived the *muxungos*, people who remained in one place, as contrasted with the *bandeiras*, pioneers who pushed westward, and with the *sertanistas*, the explorers, who were searching for mines of fabulous wealth and the equally fabulous animal, the "*grupiaras*."

It was the restless *bandeiras* who pushed Brazil's boundaries westward; first, beyond the original line of one hundred leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands, as designated by Pope Alexander VI; and later, even beyond the meridian of three hundred and seventy leagues beyond Cape Verde as designated by Pope

Julius. There was no objection then from Spain, because both Brazil and Portugal were at this time ruled by a Spanish king. So Brazil, by the Treaty of Madrid in 1750, gained approximately six million square kilometers through the wanderings of the *bandeiras*, and through the Jesuits having established missions among the Indians of the southwest.

But the quiet *muxuango* was apathetic toward the search for gold and precious stones in the land beyond the mountains that bordered his lowlands. He tilled his farms and increased his herds, and became the keystone of Brazilian landed aristocracy. His home and his social life exceeded in wealth and hospitality, in luxury and gaiety of entertainment, the social life of court circles in Rio.

There were few roads then, and a trip from the farther points to Rio by carriage took several days. So the *muxuango* went to town in long, bright-canopied, high-prowed boats rowed by slaves. Streams were kept open then. Constantly, men were kept at work clearing the banks of reeds and marsh growth, and keeping stream beds clear of logs, timber refuse, and deposits resulting from farming activities.

Then Princess Isabel freed the slaves suddenly, and the workmen on the lowland *fazendas* went away to the cities, singing their halleluiahs of freedom. Streams clogged up, lands were inundated, crops were lost, homes were abandoned. The Baixada was forsaken—stripped of her fertile glory. Her prosperous rural towns gradually were deserted. There is nothing left today of the once-prosperous town of Porto das Caixas in the valley of Macaco but tottering walls.

With the continual backing up of the water because a sluggish tide could not carry off the constant erosion of surface clay loosened by colonial farming, which had robbed the land of natural grasses, the still greater barrier of ever-expanding sheets of aquatic plants floating on the stagnant water, obliterat-

ing stream banks, flooded the entire area and raised the water level until railways already built had to be elevated on trestles, and new ones had to be constructed across miles and miles of morass. One viaduct extending across the São Francisco Canal to carry the tracks of the Estrada de Ferro Central do Brazil (Highway of Iron for the Center of Brazil) is nearly four hundred meters in length.

When I was first in Brazil, trains on three railways crossing these swampy areas dared not stop until they had got past the danger of the malaria-carrying mosquitoes. I have passed over these roads many times, praying always that the wind would carry a thick cloud of coal smoke back into the train to smudge away the mosquitoes. It is strange how abominations become blessings if one only waits for the proper time. A sooty nose is a cheap price to pay for avoiding chills and fever.

In 1891, when the complete loss of production in these rich acres was fully realized, a campaign was started to redeem them, and to check the prodigious waste of land areas. But the mosquito menace and the general unpleasant character of the work made it impossible to secure adequate labor, either Negro or Indian, and no national executive had the courage to initiate the work of reclamation, and risk failure. Yet each passing year increased the magnitude of the task. The lapse of time had given nature such a substantial start that engineers hesitated to pit their resources against a foe so strongly entrenched. So the whole matter continued to grow steadily worse and worse. The water-wrinkled swamps of mangrove and cattails grimly defied the science of man.

Then in 1930 Dr. Getulio Vargas came to Rio from the fertile pampa stretches of Rio Grande do Sul. He knew the potentialities of land, for he is of the land. He knew the history of the *Baixada*. So among the many projects of his first administrative years, he revived the problem of the *Fluminense*. A



start was made with auspicious opening ceremonies. Alas, engineers had not reckoned with the bulwark of resistance that nature had built up. In dismay, they acknowledged defeat even before the final surveys were made.

But President Vargas was not defeated. He never has been known to abandon a project because it was difficult. Brazil's most expert engineers were called into conference, and in 1935 the work was begun in earnest, with plans worked out to the last detail. Machinery was imported, chiefly from the United States; it was designed to accomplish the most at the minimum of expense, and the cost of operation was broken down to the last cubic yard of excavation and fill-in.

With malaria no longer a menace to health (by now, it had been conquered in nearly all of Brazil), thousands of men, attracted by the offer of good wages, volunteered for work. And these sons and grandsons of men who previously had refused to work in the swamps have labored faithfully at a task that has taxed their endurance to the limit. They have plunged breast deep into the mud and slime, working ahead of the dredges to clear away heavy debris. Many streams were completely obliterated by swamp growth that hid rotting piles and planks from old plantation wharfs, rotting boats abandoned by the once-wealthy landowners, stumps and fallen trees, all crisscrossed in a half-buried tangle. Breast deep they have worked for hours in the broiling sun, in sluggish waters vile with snakes and eels, toads and water vermin, their bare feet constantly being snagged on roots, and their bodies slashed with the razorlike edges of coarse swamp grass.

Often these workmen would have to wade in and construct wooden beds of strong timbers before it was possible to bring up the heavy ditching machines and the tractor-driven scrapers. And many times pilot ditches had to be dug by manual labor in order to lower the water level before the scoop machines and

the drag-lines with buckets could be brought in. It was interesting to watch these thousands of laborers ministering to the machines, helping the snorting mechanized giants over the bad places.

In opening the project in 1935, President Vargas said regarding the magnitude of the enterprise: "A commission has been reserved for us in America, which is perhaps the greatest of its kind ever undertaken in the world's history of development projects. Owners, as we are, of half a continent, faced with the burden of building up our own wealth, and creating our own civilization, we can no longer remain inactive; nor can we neglect the protection of the patrimony handed down to us by our ancestors."

As rapidly as each area has been drained, it has been made available to settlers. The land, so long fallow, is unbelievably rich. Truck farmers are raising four and five crops a year, and since the markets of Rio and Nictheroy are only half an hour away, they can easily undersell the high-priced products brought in from the States of São Paulo and Minas Geraes. In the Santa Cruz section, a Japanese colony of thirty families was settled for the purpose of supplying Rio and its environs with cheaper vegetables. Within six months, the Rio markets were flooded, and new markets had to be found.

In draining the swamp, the engineers have been careful to save the top soil wherever possible, using the worthless subsoil for building dykes and making the fills; thus, no fertilization has been necessary. The government builds homes for the settlers, and allows them three years of initial work and profit on their crops before requiring them to begin repayment of the loans. Large, deserted properties whose titles have lapsed have been purchased by private companies or individuals, and cut up into small sections. The government itself has purchased the famous old São Bento *fazenda*, and it is here on this



*Agencia Nacional D.I.P. photo*

Brazilian soldier—healthy, resolute





*Brazilian Gov't Trade Bureau photo*

Business center of São Paulo, Brazil's biggest industrial city

once romantic and wealthy estate that Senhora Vargas built her *Cidade das Meninhas*, "City of Girls."

A period of about ten years has been set for the main drainage scheme, but a further considerable period will be needed for the construction of motor highways and additional railways around the shoreline which, cleared of mangrove tangle, has at last been dyked back against the slovenly tide that pushes up through the narrow entrance to Guanabara Bay.

Already herds of blooded cattle are grazing on the higher lands, where their kindred kine grazed a hundred years ago, only now the fields are used chiefly for fattening cattle brought up from inland *fazendas*. Poultry farms are tucked in between banana and pineapple plantations, and fields of manioc, and glistening-leafed orange groves. The chickens are not the scrawny nondescripts of former years, not just anything that would hatch out of an egg, but fancy stock of registered breeds that are housed in clean modern pens and fed scientifically. Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, Black and White Minorcas, and Leghorns, all have their zealous advocates.

To the north, the great sugar cane plantations are again making the São João da Barra sugar mills hum, as the huge hoppers of the crushing machines swallow load after load of juicy cane. Without either fertilizer or irrigation, the cane grows so rapidly on this redeemed ground that it can be cut ten months after planting. So the *muxuango*, the man of the lowlands, is again living in some semblance of past splendor. But he is not the landed baron of old days, for he belongs to Brazil's progressive new middle-class.



## CHAPTER XIV

### *THE MONROE DOCTRINE*

AS I SAID at the beginning the Brazilians have not understood us and our ways, and some of the reasons for this feeling I have hinted. They have found us uninterested in the manners and graces of what they regard as cultured life—they think us aggressive, commercial, concerned almost exclusively with our own interests.

More, I found as I grew to know them better, that beyond this general appraisal—to which of course they graciously made many individual exceptions—there was a specific peg upon which they hung a general resentment. Wherever I went, the moment the subject of the Monroe Doctrine came onto the carpet—and usually it was lurking behind every chairback—there was sure to be an outbreak of more or less heated protest.

The Brazilians felt generally that the doctrine was derogatory to their dignity and to the dignity of all Latin American nations. They felt that the United States in announcing and adhering to its policies had somehow presented itself as superior to its southern neighbors—had established what really amounted to a sort of hegemony over them. The Brazilians are a proud and independent people, and the idea of being patronized by another nation in any way or to any degree they find intolerable.

Realizing the widespread resentment aroused by our famous, or infamous, doctrine, I was particularly happy, as well as surprised to meet, in Dr. Rodrigo Octavio, a Brazilian with a very different attitude. Dr. Octavio was a retired Judge of the

Federal Supreme Court of Brazil, a recognized historian, and a student of international affairs. One day, as I sat in the flower-bowered sanctuary of his home, which is typical of Rio's homes behind the stone walls that are buckled together with high iron gates, I listened to his story of Alexandre de Gusmão, one of the most famous statesmen of Brazilian history. I heard how this great man's uncanny vision had anticipated by nearly three quarters of a century the central and fundamental concept in President Monroe's declaration.

During our conversation, Dr. Octavio presented me with a book of his own, written in French, on this subject which he had entitled *Alexandre de Gusmão et le Sentiment Américain dans la Politique Internationale*. It contains two lectures which he had delivered in the universities of Paris and Rome. In what follows, I am retelling the story of Gusmão and of his significance as it appears in this book, or as I learned it from the lips of Dr. Octavio himself.

Alexandre de Gusmão was born in Santos in 1695. True son of a country which recognizes statesmanship as a distinct profession, he went to Portugal to study international law when he was only fifteen years old; he acquired his degree at law before he was twenty. His brilliance caught the attention of Dom João V, King of Portugal. Young as he was, the King immediately appointed him first secretary to the Portuguese Embassy at Paris. He remained there for five years, then went to Rome in the same capacity and served there for seven years. When he returned to Lisbon, it was as a brilliant diplomat and scholar, and he received the flattering tributes of the royal court. But he had lived too close to court intrigues to have any illusions regarding royal patronage. More and more, he deplored the political strife between countries, especially between Spain and Portugal. All this fired his mind with a passion for peace in the new world.

Dona Maria Barbara, intelligent and strong-willed daughter of João V of Portugal, was at this time married to the easily influenced Ferdinand IV of Spain; as a consequence, the two royal courts were constantly embroiled in jealousies, trade controversies, and political intrigues. De Gusmão abominated the way these mean contentions filtered across the Atlantic through the medium of colonial administrative appointments, and of arbitrary decrees that passed for necessary legislative measures.

So when the Portuguese King, holding the high cards, summoned the accomplished diplomat to draft a document to promote more amiable relations between the two courts, de Gusmão grasped at the opportunity to free the new world from the influence of wars started between Spain and Portugal in the old world. This was in 1750. And into the Treaty of Madrid he wrote Article 21, telling Spain and Portugal exactly how far west and south the effects of their national conflicts were to be allowed to extend. This article, which still stands as a remarkable example of diplomatic liberality, follows:

War being the principal cause of disorder and a reason for trouble for the best founded principles, Their Majesties, Very Worthy and Catholic, desire (if God will) if it should arise that between the two Crowns (Spanish and Portuguese), their subjects established in all Meridional America, remain at peace, living all together as though war did not exist between their sovereigns, without delivering themselves to the slightest hostility between themselves or their allies.

Promoters and chiefs of any invasion, as little as it may be, will be, without pity, punished by death; any possession by force shall be returned in good faith and entirely.

Also, neither of the two nations shall permit vessels to harbor in their ports or transit in the territories of Meridional America to the enemies of the other if they intend to benefit by the latter on behalf of their hostilities, even if at that time the two nations are at war in some other region.

The continuation of this perpetual peace and of good neighbor policy shall not only take place in the territories and islands of

Meridional America between the two monarchies, but also in the rivers, ports, and coasts, and in the ocean, from the extremity of the Island of São Antão, one of the Cape Verdes Group, up to the southern part and from the Meridian passing its occidental extremity up to part of the "couchant," so that the passing of any warship, or any vessel from either one of the two Crowns shall not be permitted in any manner in the fixed limits to attack, insult, or to cause the least damage to ships and subjects of the other.

A just satisfaction shall be given immediately for any threatening act that may be practiced against this Treaty by returning integrally that which by chance might have been seized and by punishing the infractors severely. Furthermore, neither of the two nations shall admit in its ports and lands of the said "*Amerique Meridionale*" any vessel or merchant, friends or neutral, knowing that it is their intention to introduce their commerce in the territory of the other, in violation of the laws by which the Monarchies govern their domains.

For the strict observation of everything that is expressed in this Article, the two Crowns shall make the most serious recommendations to their Governors, Captains, and respective delegates. Being it understood in the case (which we do not wish) of the existence of any incident or inobservance that it shall not affect the lasting and inviolable perpetuation of this Treaty.

There was an uproar in the two royal courts. They had enjoyed their holds on the new world, the prestige of power in making appointments; they enjoyed their quarrels over far-flung boundaries in a land they never had seen, nor probably cared to see. This Brazilian, de Gusmão, was affronting the courts of the two mother countries! But Dom João V of Portugal and his daughter, Queen Maria Barbara of Spain, were fond of this Brazilian, de Gusmão, and they saw that the Treaty of Madrid was adopted as written.

But the brilliance of Alexandre de Gusmão soon suffered an eclipse. Dom João V died. Dom José was his successor. Sebastião José de Carvalho e Mello, politically ambitious and furiously jealous of de Gusmão's quiet scholarly ability, got



himself appointed Minister of State. His first official act was to remove de Gusmão from affairs of court.

Dr. de Gusmão did not return to the land of his birth but retired, with his beautiful young wife, to a tranquil home near Lisbon. He had accumulated one of the most extensive libraries of his time. He would find the happiness that comes to men who have earned that reward.

Before the next twelve months had passed, his wife had died; his house and all his books had burned; he had seen the Treaty of Madrid denounced, temporarily nullified by the jealous Sebastião e Mello. Completely crushed in spirit, much of his wealth wiped out, the brilliant Brazilian scholar sought refuge in the solacing comradeship of the simple folk of the countryside. Two years later, in 1753, he died in obscurity.

And he who was, to quote from Dr. Octavio's book, "the most advanced spirit of his time in sagacity and lucidity of mind, passed away on the last day of the year 1753, ignored and alone, in a little corner of the countryside. And it was well for him that death arrived at this moment of his life, for fate spared him from seeing, some years later, his work destroyed and his treaty denounced."

The Treaty was abrogated in 1761. Nevertheless, it—or rather, Article 21 which is specifically in question—has had some subsequent history. Brazil, in 1828, revived and put into effect its essential principle, and made it a basis for its dealings with other nations. When a dispute of boundaries with Argentina was arbitrated by President Cleveland in 1893, it was the Alexandre de Gusmão document that Baron Rio Branco laid on the diplomatic table in Washington. Later, in a dispute with France regarding the French Guiana boundary line, this same document served Switzerland as a basis for arbitration.

But I think it is most important to emphasize Dr. Octavio's own views regarding our Monroe Doctrine, and especially the



relation between it and Article 21 of the Madrid Treaty. The following excerpt is from one of his lectures regarding President Monroe's message to Congress in 1823:

"In the domain of international politics no subject has given rise to greater discussion, longer divagations, more extravagant commentaries than the doctrine set forth in this message; if one investigates, however, without passion, or prejudice, how it came into being, in what it consists, what have been its effects, one must come to the conclusion that those who have seen in it a menace, a danger, or a diminution of the independence or of the prestige of the Latin American nations have been victims of an evident error of vision and of judgment."

It is, indeed, Dr. Octavio's contention that, far from the Monroe Doctrine's being a new concept, or one derogatory to Latin America, its fundamental principles were actually anticipated by three quarters of a century, and by a famous statesman of one of the very countries which it is accused of injuring.

"One cannot fail to recognize," he says, "that clearly present in the terms of the treaty of 1750 are the fundamental principles of American policy that Monroe summarized in his message of 1823: continental solidarity through peace, the abstention of America from the turmoil of European politics, and its freedom or exclusion from their pernicious consequences. From these fundamental principles is derived the formula: 'America for the Americans'."

And of the Monroe Doctrine itself he further remarks that "in its letter as in its spirit there was nothing to be afraid of. Incisive and frank, yet measured and discreet, it was pronounced at the right moment and, without doubt, recalled to reason the madness of the absolutist pretensions of Europe over Latin America. In the time immediately following their declaration of independence it was a safeguard of the nation newly

created, and the name of Monroe should inspire only sentiments of esteem and of veneration in all the Latin American states."

It cannot be other than a source of deep satisfaction to us in the United States that so full a vindication of our policy toward Latin America should come from the pen of an eminent Brazilian jurist. Dr. Octavio makes no claim that President Monroe actually derived the ideas of his doctrine, in whole or in part, from Alexandre de Gusmão; and indeed he shows that they were shared by other American statesmen. Still, it is interesting to speculate on the possibility that Monroe may have been acquainted with the Treaty of Madrid, and that Article 21 was the inspiration for his doctrine. Although he expressed it casually in his Congressional message he probably knew that the old document supported it.

President Thomas Jefferson had sent James Monroe to France to help our Minister, Robert Livingston, negotiate with Napoleon for the purchase of the Louisiana Territory. After this negotiation was completed in 1803, Monroe went to Spain to attempt to purchase the Florida peninsula. In this he failed, although he remained in Madrid many months. Not until sixteen years later was Florida transferred to the United States.

But it is hardly possible that James Monroe could have spent eight months in Spain, as he did, in constant contact with the royal court, without having become familiar with the Treaty of Madrid. Even though the treaty was not in force at the time, it was recognized too widely as a masterpiece of diplomacy to be ignored.

But whether Monroe was inspired in any degree by Gusmão's fine spirit is not the really important point. What really is important for our relations with South America is Dr. Octavio's opinion that the essential part of the document, to which so many South Americans object, had already taken shape in

the mind of one of their own statesmen eight years before President Monroe was born.

Alexandre de Gusmão's pacific spirit has lived in his Brazilian successors, for Brazil holds the record for peaceful adjustments of boundary disputes. She touches every country in South America except Chile and Ecuador; and there is still a bit of unsurveyed territory that may bring the Ecuadorian boundary to meet hers in the forests of the Andes. In comparatively recent years, during which various territorial lines have gone through the process of clarification, Brazil has peacefully added five hundred thousand square kilometers to her vast domain. Original boundaries set by Spain and Portugal were vaguely designated by latitude and longitude, with little regard for topography; consequently, as each natural resource was brought to light, a new boundary dispute arose.

Alexandre de Gusmão planned to have all these far-flung borders of peace marked by stones engraved with this Latin motto: "*Justitia et Pax osculatae sunt.*" (Justice and Peace have embraced one another.) Not long ago one of these stones was found on a northern boundary line; Dr. Ayres do Casal makes special mention of it in one of his documentary records of Brazilian chorography.

## CHAPTER XV

### *THE FUTURE OF BRAZIL*

**B**ECAUSE BRAZIL is so big, and her natural resources so vast and varied, it would take an entire volume to comment on all phases of her unbelievably rich future. The Brazilians, after two hundred years of comparative idling in serene indifference toward much of their untouched wealth, are becoming development conscious. The profession of engineering in all its branches is gaining recruits each year from the ranks of young men whose preferences previously leaned toward the lettered professions of law, medicine, and statesmanship.

And again there is more than a hint of suspicion that it is the growing middle class who are primarily responsible for this present general surge of industrial initiative. The wealthy have had no need to better their condition; the poor had no ambition to do so; the middle class possesses both the necessary attributes, desire and ambition, plus determination. Young Brazilian consular agents, serving in all the countries of the world, are adding their enthusiasm to the popular decision to make Brazil live up to her potentialities as one of the chief productive areas of the world.

Brazil's new trend was indicated when, in 1942, the government courageously changed its currency from the old reis and milreis to centavos and cruzeiros. Bankers said the decimal system it introduced was simpler. Tourists may find it less complicated to calculate ten centavos to a cruzeiro, instead of a thousand reis to a milreis, but I feel that Brazil was robbed of a most distinctive monetary system.

The decree authorizing the change was signed on October 5, 1942, and twenty-six days later the banks began the Herculean task of issuing new money for old. The new coins, which are an alloy of copper and nickel, have the following denominations: 10, 20, and 50 centavos; and 1, 2, and 5 cruzeiros; the paper currency is in denominations of 10, 50, 100, 200, 500, and 1,000 cruzeiros. The cruzeiro has the same value as the discarded milreis.

Much of the world would stand in astonishment if Brazil should suddenly act on her contemplated plan to move her Federal capital from Rio de Janeiro to the inland city of Goyaz. This would be like moving our capital to Des Moines or Denver. Withal, we might have a healthier government if we did exactly this! Canberra was built by the Australians on this principle; and New Delhi was designed as an administrative center to build up a broader national feeling and delocalize administrative authority.

Goyaz, capital of the State of Goyaz, is situated on a broad plateau that is dry and still tropical, but seldom extremely warm; this makes a perfect climate and one more conducive to work than that of Rio, with its enervating humidity. With the aid of all the elements of wholesome frontier life, the progressive young men would snatch Brazil out of her centuries of academic ease and lettered luxury and put her in the working class of the world, make her one of the toiler countries. President Vargas helped to blow away the mists of smugness from the aristocracy of Rio; to take away the Federal offices and plant them on the virgin soil of Goyaz might abolish the handicap of contentment that has retarded the development of the country's natural resources.

Visitors to Brazil are delighted with Rio as it is, but if strangers had to travel into the heart of the country to find the capital, they would learn a lot more about the Brazilians



and their economic life. And if foreign representatives were required to live there, it would bring the world closer to the warm heart of a country too little known beyond its charming metropolis.

Goyaz has had, in her colorful history, all the excitement of gold-rush days, her cattle industry has brought her all the wild romance of our incomparable Southwest, adventuring Paulistas and devout priests have penetrated mountain fastnesses, founding towns which usually consisted of a rectangle of low adobe houses facing a slender-spined cathedral, and with a shining white *cruzeiro* (cross) placed beside the approaching road to warn the devil away. Many of these crosses still stand, glistening in the sunlight, and shedding in the moonlight a soft, ethereal glow that calls one's heart home to God. Riding over dark, brooding hills, with only the creak of saddle leather and the measured padding of hoofbeats to break the silence of night, it gives one a comforting sense of supernatural guidance to come suddenly upon one of these symbols of divinity.

The State of Goyaz has a population of only three hundred thousand. Neighbors often are fifty and sixty miles apart. The city of Goyaz has a population of only twenty-five thousand. The Tocantins and Araguaya Rivers, flowing northward between two distinct mountain ranges, hamper engineers in their attempts to solve transportation problems. Two railways have been built over the rugged terrain, and motor highways are planned that will radiate out from Goyaz like the five points of a star—north to Belém, east to São Salvador (Baía), south-east to Rio de Janeiro, south to São Paulo and Santos, and westward through Bolivia to connect with the much-heralded Pan-American highway down the west coast of South America. In the meantime one still rides on horseback out through the fields of tobacco, and the great vineyards that carpet the hot

earth like a huge rug, and across the endless leagues of cattle ranges.

The present governor of the State of Minas Geraes, which borders Goyaz on the southeast, is doing more than one man's share toward promoting new methods of farming in his domain. He is himself a veteran *fazendeiro*, and without benefit of bureaus or Federal directors, he conducts an experimental farm at his Fazenda o Floristal by inviting groups of *fazendeiros* to come as his guests to study the results of modern methods of farming. These men who have farmed as did their colonial forefathers are astonished at the height of the Governor's corn and the size of his potatoes. He explains that it is the plant food that he has put in the soil that gives strength to the ground, and shows them his nitrates and fertilizers. Some men come from such far-flung frontiers that they speak a scarcely understandable dialect of Spanish and Indian mixed with the Portuguese.

If men come in who are raising cattle, mules, pigs, or sheep, and admire the fine symmetry of a standard bred colt, or the wide shoulders and sturdy rump of a Hereford yearling, or the broad, flat back of a white-belted Berkshire, the Governor provides blooded breeding stock from his paddocks. Tactfully he gives the farmers instruction in modern methods of caring for young stock by proper feeding and clean housing. Only a very, very kindly Fazendeiro-Governor, indeed, could risk telling a hard-riding gaucho-farmer how to raise a better horse by keeping his stables and corrals clean!

But the prime factor in this whole program of development is hydroelectric power for the interior country. No country in the world has such prodigious water power going to waste. Paulo Affonso Falls in the north and Iguassú Falls in the south are both higher than Niagara. And between these two un-

harnessed giants are ten major falls capable of developing enormous electrical power. While Brazil is teasing Argentina into negotiations for Iguassú electrical power and water for irrigation, she herself is interested most in the Paulo Affonso Falls on the São Francisco River. It could irrigate the great heat-basin in the dry, blunt nose of Brazil, which is declared by scientists to be one of the richest productive areas in the world.

At present the carnauba palm provides the chief items of export from this heat-basin, and supplies the people with many essentials of everyday living. Humboldt called this tree of many uses the tree of life, but the people of the desert country call it *arvore da Providência*—tree of Providence—because of the many benefits derived from it. From waving top leaves to thirsty roots, nothing is wasted.

The trunk makes their stoutest poles; leaves are used for thatch and for the manufacture of cordage, fans, mats, hats, and bags which they call *urus* and which are made in various sizes for every conceivable use. Then there is the silky fiber from which are made nets of all kinds and the always necessary tropical hammock, indispensable for cool and pleasant sleeping. From the leaf stalk and the fruit stalk are made brooms and brushes and coarse sacks; from the roasted seeds is made a coffee substitute which is not at all bad, and also an excellent oil for household uses; the roots when burned produce salt.

But the thing of great commercial value in all the products of this tree of Providence is the fine carnauba wax. Because the palm must protect itself from the intense, drying heat, in order to conserve the scant moisture its roots are able to draw from the arid earth, it coats itself with a layer of wax to prevent the evaporation of its scanty moisture. To their very tips the leaves are coated with a tissuelike covering, looking not unlike a leaf that has been dipped in powdered paraffin. The

stems have a thicker wax layer, varying from an eighth of an inch to a quarter of an inch; while the trunk has a layer half an inch thick or more.

When the wax-strippers remove this protective coat, the tree immediately throws out a fresh covering, and stripping can be done about every six months; the age and condition of the tree must be considered, and especially the intensity of the heat. If proper care is taken not to dry out the wood of the trunk, a tree will thrive and continue to produce wax for two hundred years. Leaf-stripping is done by the simple process of cutting off the mature leaves, plunging them into a tank of hot water, then skimming the wax off the water when it cools. If planted away from this environment, the tree produces no wax at all except inside the stems of the fronds, as in all palm leaves.

After centuries of lighting the altars of Brazilian cathedrals, carnauba wax has descended to a purely worldly use and has come to us in comparatively recent years to polish our floors.

The State of Ceara constitutes the center of this unique heat-basin; the Cearanese are the hardy, blue-eyed Portuguese, as individual as their product is unique. They are tanned as are the people of our southwest desert country. Their features, leathery and brown, are indicative of their generous natures. The men are rugged and afraid of nothing. The Brazilians refer to them as *Nordestinos atrevidos*, daring northeasterners. When the present Rubber Reserve program was initiated, it was the *Nordestino* who offered himself for the dangerous work of bringing raw rubber down out of the Amazon jungles. But he did not volunteer at the old wages—an enameled plate and a tin spoon for a month's work; nor is he paying tribute to the big boss. The *Nordestino* knows the value of his labor and names the price of his hire. He knows no man can excel him in skill and endurance. His inherent daring is spiced



with an inherent insolence which he uses for protection against exploitation. If a "beeg boss" should demur over wages until he receives a shrug of a powerful shoulder and a view of a broad back, he has forfeited the services of one *Nordestino*, and probably a number of others.

Another unique product of this north country, although it is not limited exclusively to the heat-basin, is the oiticica tree, from the seeds of which we get a fine oil used in quick-drying paints and varnishes. The war brought recognition of this oil as comparable in quality to the tung oil of China. We knew little of it before, for Brazil had jealously conserved her oiticica forests. Digging up trees for export is forbidden, and only recently has the government permitted grafts to be cut for foreign planting.

Although the oiticica is not quite as sensitive to climate and environment as the carnauba palm, the Brazilians have not been successful in carrying it far beyond its original habitat. Outside the torrid tropical areas, its growth is perceptibly slower and its yield of seeds much scantier. In climates where the tung tree thrives, the oiticica will not produce at all. So grafts are being taken now to bud on the stronger tung tree stock, in an attempt to get a hybrid that will permit a wider latitude in planting. The tree attains a height of about seventeen feet, and even in the very dry areas always has a thick, bright green foliage. However, it grows chiefly along river banks, and has a distinct preference for the alluvial soil of a delta, or the land below a gorge. The life of the tree is estimated at about one hundred years, and since it begins producing at four years of age and reaches a maximum at ten or twelve years, there are ample returns at three hundred pounds of seed per year. Harvesting the seeds is a matter of picking them off the ground, so whole families participate in this rather pleasant task.

For a hundred years, these trees have produced in their wild



state one of the finest oils. Brazil exported comparatively small amounts to Great Britain, Italy, Holland, the Union of South Africa, and the United States. With the supply of tung oil from China cut off and the United States taking 97 per cent of the annual oiticica output, a definite program to increase the production was undertaken. Also, in the cooler climate of the south, the Brazilians set out acres of tung trees to supplement the diminishing Chinese output. And to supplement the castor oil output of India, the Brazilian farmers planted hundreds of acres of *mamona*—castor oil plant. The Allies needed it to lubricate airplanes.

A Russian scientist once said, in speaking of this heat-basin of Brazil, that it was nature's greatest oil laboratory. The finest ones do come from there—*murumurú*, *pracaxi*, *ucuuba*, *curuaauá*, and that of the Para chestnut, which we know as the Brazil nut. But there are thirty-one other vegetable oils produced in commercial quantities: cottonseed, linseed, coconut of various kinds, including babassú; and coffee oil which contributes so essentially to the manufacture of Cafelite and puts Brazil high among the world's producers of plastics.

A most important discovery in medicinal oils was made comparatively recently by an American, Dr. Peter H. Rolfs, eminent plant pathologist of the United States, who was president of the State Agricultural College at Bello Horizonte from 1907 to 1919. He became curious about a native oil used by the Indians as a remedy for ulcerous skin ailments, so he procured an amount sufficient for experimental work and sent it to a nearby leper colony. Out of the scientific curiosity of Dr. Rolfs has come the amazingly healing sapacainha oil, which promises to excel the rare chaulmoogra oil of Burma for the treatment of this most dreaded of all diseases.

Then there is copaiba oil that your doctor will prescribe for many chronic diseases of the mucous membranes; and there is

rosewood oil that is a fixative in almost any perfume you buy. This essence of rosewood smells like a mixture of rose, lemon, and tangerine when it is first extracted. Later it becomes yellow and syrupy and takes on a smell of turpentine. Rosewood oil is another Brazilian monopoly; it comes from the hot north country, mainly from the lower Oiapoc region, and finds its way to foreign markets through the port of Belém.

Still another Brazilian monopoly is the Para chestnut, although Brazil herself has done much to break up the commercial combine that strangles the industry. The British have for more than twenty years tried to acclimatize this so-called Brazil nut to their Malayan possessions. The cuttings take root and the trees grow, but the yield of nuts is too small to be of any consequence. In 1934, an effort was made by commercial interests to bring this industry to the United States. This also failed. So the importers of Para chestnuts still continue to sell the nuts in New York for forty times the price they paid for them in Brazil, New York and Liverpool holding a complete monopoly on the sales by purchasing the crop a year in advance.

The tree grows wild throughout the Amazon basin, and outstrips in size any other of the towering trees of the tropics. The fruit, which the Brazilians call *ourico*, drops from the tree when ripe, usually in January. It is the size of a large apple, but as hard as a knot of wood. A man with a hatchet can crack seven or eight hundred fruit in a day, and in each shell is found from fifteen to twenty of the wedge-shaped nuts we know—and find still hard to crack. And since we are so conscious of food values, it is interesting to analyze the dried kernel: proteins 17 per cent, fats 67 per cent, mineral salts 3 per cent, carbohydrates 7 per cent, water 5 per cent. Fourteen grams supply 100 calories. So a few *ouricos* in chocolate jackets make quite a meal, providing one is not reducing. Medical

authorities claim that the fat in this nut is the most easily digested of any fat.

However, the greatest of all projects under development in Brazil is the intensified cultivation of rubber and the wresting from the jungle of the wild product. The Rubber Reserve program comprises a well organized, scientific campaign that has drafted into service the most able engineers of our two continental republics, and is taxing to the limit our combined resources of every manner and means of transportation. It was as much a part of our war effort as making munitions, or airplanes, or tanks, and much of the work is scarcely less hazardous than fighting on the war fronts.

Malayan and Javanese planters smuggled seeds of the best trees out of Brazil, and then when their plantations came into bearing they, with cheaper and quicker methods of transportation, very nearly wrecked the rubber industry of Brazil. Brazil never has forgotten this trickery; the British and Dutch, when their plantations were producing rubber for the Japanese, begged Brazil to increase her rubber harvest—a harvest that they themselves had wantonly stifled twenty-five years before.

By comparison with this frantic scramble for rubber through the sprawling reaches of the Upper Amazon, the activity of the rubber empire of Fordlandia, enormous as it is, appears almost dwarfed. But for pioneering on a large scale against heavy odds, Fordlandia stands above all comparable enterprises.

The use of rubber in Brazil dates back to unrecorded days when Indians used the latex for waterproofing their homespun cloth. Explorers in 1736 found the Indians carrying water in rubber bags, and were told the simple processes of making the rubber, the processes that we follow today. A small shipment of rubber came to the United States in 1800, but Charles Good-year had not then discovered the vulcanizing process, so it

found no practical uses. The first things we had were galoshes and rubber boots. Now more than forty thousand items are manufactured from rubber.

If Fordlandia had not been forced to do so much experimenting during its initial years, it could now be producing two-thirds of the rubber demands of the United States. Its eight thousand four hundred acres lie along the Tapajoz River, less than half as far from ports as the areas we are now invading to get wild rubber. Transportation from either Santarem or Belterra is simple by comparison with that from such points as Canafe, Iquitos, João Pessoa, Boca do Acre, and Guajara-Mirim—points so far back in the forests that airplanes are used to bring out cargoes that would require weeks to get out by canoe and river steamer.

It requires from six to eight years before rubber trees can be tapped for latex without injuring their growth, so Fordlandia's trees are just now proving their value. They are like dairy cows, some breeds yield more milk than others, and all are influenced by care and environment. As a sorry consequence of this weeding out process, Fordlandia is practically abandoning 3,426 acres in the Santarem area on which have been planted 685,000 trees, 200,000 of which are ready for tapping. The young trees were not strong enough to resist the dreaded leaf plague. Now at Belterra, eighty miles north of Fordlandia, 2,700,000 trees are growing from eight to ten feet each year. All these have been grafted with cuttings from the Orient. Experiments are being made to combine the root of the native Amazon tree, the trunk of a high-yielding Malayan species, and the leaves from another Malayan tree noted for its resistance to the leaf plague. Commercial production of rubber has already begun, but the peak is not scheduled before 1948.

Working hand in hand with Fordlandia—now administered by the Brazilian government—are Brazil's experts of the North-



ern Agricultural Institute at Belém do Pará. Here are acres of seedlings growing out of their bamboo cradles where the seeds were planted; and grafts flown in from Malaya are handled as if they were wisps of pure gold. At least we got that much out of Malaya before the Japanese invasion, and Brazil retrieved this infinitesimal fraction of her plundered wealth. She has also adopted, among other improvements, Malaya's method of tapping. Instead of using an axe or hatchet to cut a three-fingered gash running into a single deeper gash from which the latex drains, Brazilian tappers are now using the stout Malayan knife to cut a sharper, slanting ring around the tree, making drainage more even and leaving a narrower wound to heal over when milking is finished. This rubber program is only one of a score of projects that Brazil and the United States plan to develop for their mutual benefit.

There are three motion picture studios in Rio de Janeiro and one in São Paulo. They are not comparable, of course, with the highly technical studios of California, but they turn out creditable pictures in the fields of light opera and comedies, favorite subjects of Brazilian audiences. I asked in vain for pictures of the *vaqueiros* of the cattle *fazendas*. They have not yet found a Gene Autry. When they do, a wealth of local color will be revealed about the wholesome, hard-riding, weather-bronzed men of the southern states.

Brazil pioneered in educational films when, in 1910, she inaugurated a motion picture department in the National Museum. One of the chief contributions of this department, after years of more modest accomplishments, was the filming of the Nambikuaras Indians. Under the direction of Dr. Roquette Pinto, then Curator and now Minister of Radio Education, the Rondon Commission was organized and sent to Rondonia in far western Brazil to take motion pictures of



the almost unknown Indian inhabitants. Practically inaccessible, remote, with every step a jeopardy, this region had in 1890 lured the great explorer, General Candido Mariano da Silva Rondon, conceded to be Brazil's foremost authority on Indian life; and Brazil had been prompt in honoring him by giving the region his name.

I sat in the projection room of the Museum of History, Science, and Art, in what may have been one of the smaller salons of the king's palace of Empire days, and saw reel after reel of this Rondon film run off at Dr. Pinto's telephoned request. In two brief, comfortable hours, I saw the arduous work of two long hazardous years. A visit of months would not have given the casual visitor such detail of the everyday life of the Nanbikuaras—hunting, fishing, cooking, eating, games and sports. Ranged along the walls were life-size figures of the Indians, their actual implements, and utensils, their—well, what would pass as clothing, and replicas of their habitations.

In addition, the film showed topographical peculiarities, odd animals, snakes—these terrifying abominations of the earth, bright-plumaged birds, and all manner of unique flora. Besides snakes there were eels, leeches, poisonous lizards, blood-sucking bats, mosquitoes, and jungle gnats and flies—apparently every pest ever created to annoy and jeopardize the life of man. How the Nanbikuaras Indians have survived their unrecorded centuries in this land is a mystery, for all the fringed beauty of the hills and valleys could not lure the rest of mankind, except by the magic of the camera.

The screening of films depicting events in Brazil's history is required in elementary schools. Children in their lisping years see the dramatic re-enactment of the sixty years during which Brazil was under Spanish rule, when Philip II of Spain became also King of Portugal; how this yoke was thrown off

under the reign of Dom Philip IV in 1640; how the Dutch held the region of Pernambuco, now Recife, from 1630 to 1654; the thrilling stories of the French, English and Dutch pirates, with their activities, incidentally, resulting in the discovery of the gold and diamond mines; how the royal court of Portugal fled from Lisbon to avoid threatened seizure by Napoleon—all these important steps in Brazil's national history become fascinating stories on the screen.

Then there are the portrayals of the lives of famous men of history, such men as the gifted Jesuit missionary, Father Anchieta, poet, dramatist, musician, who was the very fountain-head of Brazilian cultural life. The story of his life among the native Indians shows how heroically he worked to protect the guileless and ignorant Tupys and Tapuyas, and the skilled Ando-Peruvian Indians, from being exploited as slave-labor by the colonists. As a consequence of his labors these Tupys and Tapuyas, known as the Pampeans in the south and as the Guaranys farther north and west, are a proud people and peaceful, who are useful citizens on the vast *fazendas* in a part of the country that is too wild and rugged to lure the Negroes.

I especially like the story of Bartholomeu Lourenço de Gusmão. When Benjamin Franklin was only three years old, de Gusmão went from Brazil to Lisbon to gain permission from King João V to build an aerostatic apparatus that he had invented. The King granted his request and the government granted him a patent. This qualified him as the first American inventor. He already had invented a set of pumps for the water supply of the Brazilian seminary where he had been a student, and was later a teacher.

On August 8, 1709, de Gusmão was scheduled to demonstrate his air-expansion aerostat before the King and his court. In spite of his nervous efforts, the small balloon refused to rise more than a few feet off the ground. The courtiers, utterly ignorant

of the scientific principle that was being demonstrated, cruelly ridiculed the invention and the inventor.

But the King liked the sensitive young man and encouraged him to continue with his experiments. So on October 3, of the same year, he gave another demonstration. The balloon performed little better than on the previous occasion. The ridicule was worse. Nevertheless, this was actually the birth of aeronautics, and Bartholomeu de Gusmão is the acknowledged precursor of the French brothers, Joseph Michael and Jacques Étienne Montgolfier, who are generally credited with the invention of the hot-air balloon in 1783.

Both Bartholomeu and Alexandre de Gusmão came from the illustrious Santos family founded by the famous surgeon of this name, who was knighted by the King of Portugal for his heroic work in combating tropical fevers in Santos in pioneer days when maladies of this type were new to European medical men.

Two centuries later, there came another hero-doctor to save Santos and the rest of tropical Brazil from the recurring scourges of yellow fever, which was increasing the death rate alarmingly after the first infection brought in by a load of African slaves in 1849. It was Dr. Oswaldo Cruz who first succeeded in isolating the yellow fever mosquito, and his work in Brazil was contemporaneous with the work of Dr. W. C. Gorgas in Cuba and Panama.

Stories of these men who have made Brazilian history are made exclusively for the schools. Then for cinema theatres the government makes "shorts" depicting phases of Brazilian life, chiefly in industry, and one of these must be shown with every entertainment program. Patrons may keep informed of each new undertaking in the great drainage project of the Fluminense lowlands; they see pictures of a blooded dairy herd at milking time, or a poultryman grading eggs and culling his

flocks for market, or his latest method of exterminating his predatory enemies, the vicious jackal, that can clean a hen roost on a single raid, or the equally rapacious stinking gamba, an ugly rodent the size of a large rat that can cause as much unpleasantness as our North American skunk.

These highly interesting pictures bring coffee- and cotton-picking, and mining and cattle-raising to the city dweller; and street paving, textile weaving, and architectural engineering, and mechanical skills to the country people. In this way Brazil is moulding the minds of her young people especially to a more conscious nationalistic unity of thought, and purpose, and understanding.

Luring her young men to the land has now become a well-defined Federal project under the direction of Dr. João Alberto Lins de Barros, Co-ordinator of Economic Mobilization during the war, and now president of the Council for Immigration and, also, president of the Foundation for the Development of the Interior of Brazil. By virtue of his two positions he is actively, yet with considerable discrimination, promoting immigration of those who voluntarily declare a preference for agricultural pursuits. And while not limiting the movement exclusively to the Caucasian race, there is a discrimination against Orientals and, less definitely, toward Negroes unless they have agricultural training and have sufficient capital to develop farm projects.

A serious shortage of farm labor brought about a crisis during the war when the cities and the magnet of high wages in war-stimulated industries robbed food producing areas of practically all their footloose population. So far there has been a reluctance to return. So under Dr. João Alberto's direction a delegation has been sent to Europe to seek out prospective farmers with some capital. Also, he has invited farmers from the United States, with capital, to participate in this great land movement.



In an agreement with the United States the Brazilian Government called back the eminent American agriculturist, Dr. John B. Griffing, who had served as president of the Brazilian Agricultural College at Bello Horizonte from 1935 to 1938, and has made him executive head of this intensive rural campaign. He is offering all young men vocational training in agriculture, and has organized a comprehensive campaign for the betterment of farmers of small resources. Also, under his leadership agricultural training has been introduced to parallel military training for the soldiers of the Brazilian Army. With compulsory military training of youths of seventeen and eighteen who are just out of high school and are inducted for a year of training, and with young men attending officers' training colleges for three years, this program is destined to reach the borders of the great republic and give all men at least an avocational interest in the soil, if not a definite desire for agricultural pursuits.

Our Southern sister Republic is one of the five large population areas of the world, with natural resources to accommodate 900,000,000 people. Within her borders could be fitted all the countries of Europe with the exception of Russia. Yet her population is only about 47,000,000. She has all the raw materials, and in her sons she has the spirit for progress. And with her great new middle-class she is taking rapid strides in developing her potential place for leadership in the world of today and tomorrow.























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